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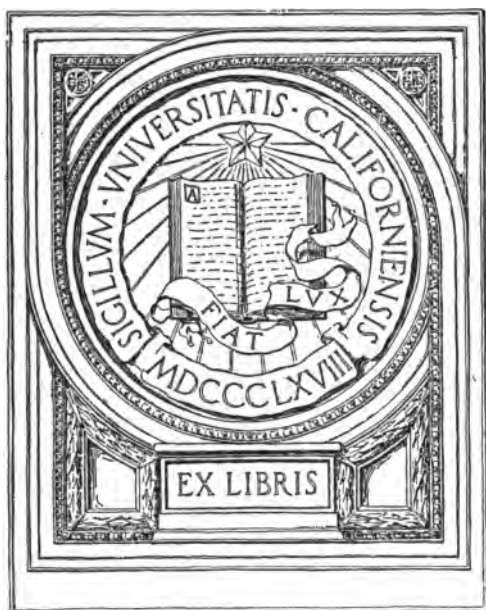
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★
FROM STAR
TO STAR

Edith Grensted Rochester ★

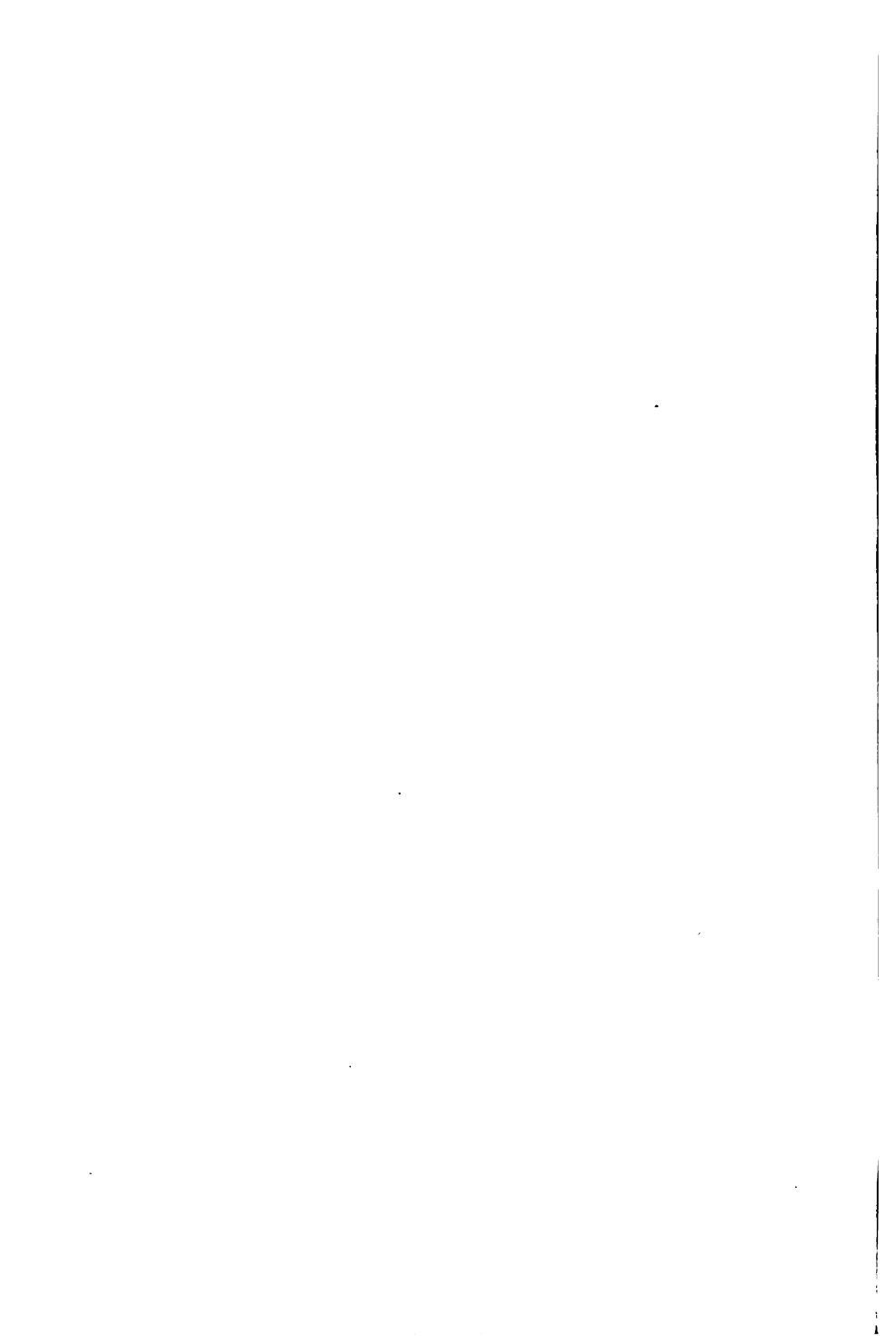
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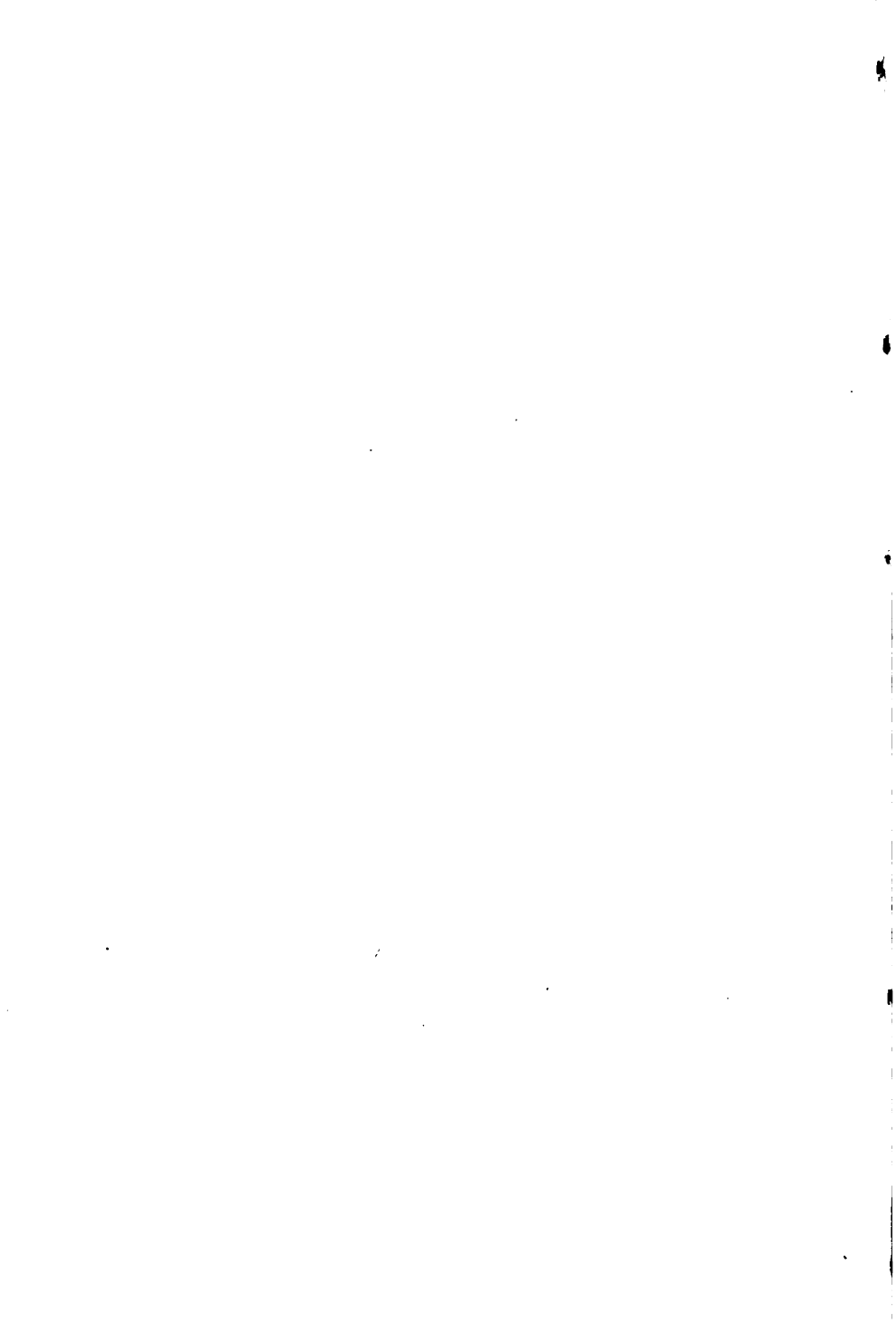


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FROM STAR TO STAR



From Star To Star

By
Edith Grensted Rochester

*Came we from some other star?
Who knows?
Who can tell of life afar?
Earth—The Now—our business are—
Each one shapes his avatar
And goes—
To some other distant star?
Who knows?*

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2450

To you
ALBION



“SARGENT NAT”

To my son and comrade,

NATHANIEL NORMAN
ROCHESTER,

to his glowing youth and glorious courage; to his faith, his honor and his all-enfolding love, this book of verse, of which he was the greatest inspiration.

Killed in action, while fighting with the
"Lost Battalion,"
in the Argonne Forest, France,
Oct. 8, 1918

GONE ON!

Tall, slim and straight, with tossing head and flashing eye—
Gone on! straight on! the while this puny world rolls by.

With never pause for doubt—from battle front—gone on!
Straight on! his part here finished toward the victory won.

Clean noble soul, that lived for eons close to God;
Boy's body that a little while this earth had trod;

Gone on! with never stop nor falter—strong and free—
Smiling, singing—straight on! into the world to be.

Boy's courageous heart that loved his fellows all;
Boy's happy, loving smile that made of each his thrall;

Gone on! straight on! beyond the reach of mortal sight;
Only through Love, the eye of Faith can see the light.

Doffing the garb of earth, new form to don—
Making of Death a glorious Victory—gone on!

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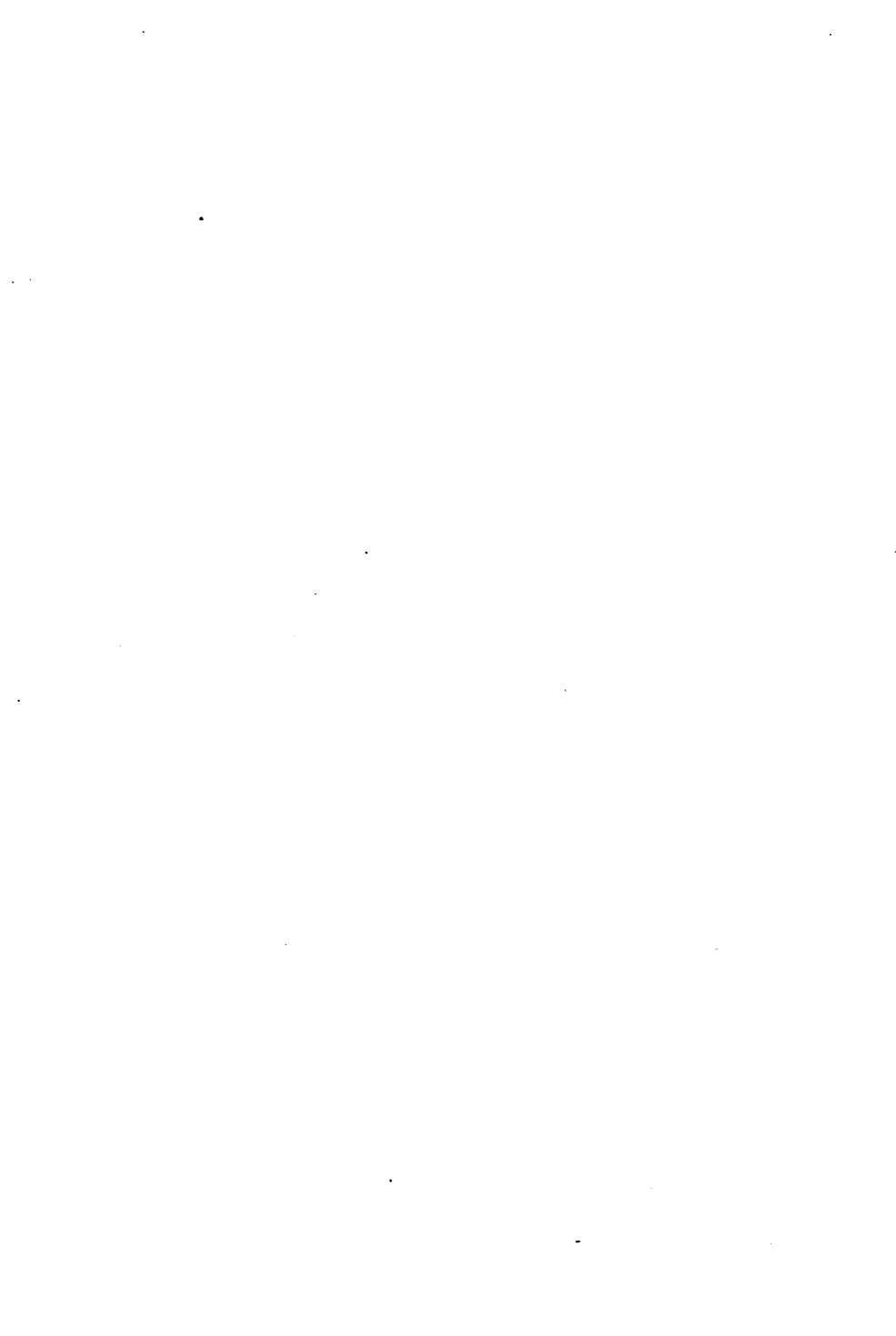
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NATURE



NATURE'S VOICES.

On the widespread, windswept prairie
 With the blue dome overhead,
 With the friendly stars at night-time
 And the grasses for my bed;
 With its boundaries the horizon—
 Oh it's there that I would be—
 Where the East and West winds mingle—
 For the plains are calling me.

I can see the mountains rising
 Silhouetted 'gainst the sky,
 And I know the eagle's nesting
 On the rocky crag so high;
 And I know there is a refuge
 Where for shelter all things flee;
 And my heart's a homing pigeon—
 For the hills are calling me.

Oh the ocean, ever changing,
 Luring billows, deeply blue,
 Stormswept, masterful, compelling,
 Or like shimmering silk to view;
 Haunted by the ghostly sea-gull
 Grandly sailing, wild and free—
 Oh, it is old ocean calling!
 Calling, calling, calling me!

OH SEA!

Oh sea and Oh sea!
If I lay me down still at the edge of your foam
 Would you carry me home?
Would you bear me away on your motherly breast,
 On its farthest white crest?
Would you croon me your lullabies, subtle and sweet
Hushing me, soothing me, gently to sleep—
Showing me all the sweet solace of sleep—
 Oh sea?

Oh sea and Oh sea!
If I build me a boat at the edge of your strand,
 In the gleaming white sand,
Would you waft it away 'neath the silv'ry starlight
 Of some still summer night?
If I fill it with joy and with hope's brightest gleams,
Would you bear it away to the garden of dreams—
To the beautiful, wonderful land of fair dreams—
 Oh sea?

HERALDS

Fresh on the breath of the morning—the meadowlark's
mating song!

The old world awakens and, stilly, listens the noisy throng;
Then swells and bursts into beauty, with the newborn leafage
of trees,

Marigolds, violets, larkspur, a daisy chain and the bees.

Look at the glad, mad spread of them! a spendthrift, Earth
in the Spring!

Memories many and haunting—hopes for the future they
bring.

Over and over I say their names—joy's own harbingers
these—

Marigolds, violets, larkspur, a daisy chain and the bees.

Down in the meadows the children, carefree all the long day,
Revel in color and sunshine; theirs is the Earth and the May;
Theirs are the grasses and clover—all the sweet mysteries—
Marigolds, violets, larkspur, a daisy chain and the bees.

The Spring is here! I have heard it, smelt it and seen its
flight!

It's abroad in a million colors, songs and flashes of light!
But truest of all announcers—song-bird or flower or
breeze—

Are marigolds, violets, larkspur, a daisy chain and the bees.

HONEY-BEES AND HELIOTROPE

Honey-bees and heliotrope
And Indian summer days—
Drooping low the pepper bough
Lazy swings and sways.

Honey-bees and memories
Always go together,
In the days all hot and still—
Fragrant summer weather.

First I read you in a book—
“You’re a dusty fellow.”
Have you found marsh marybuds,
“Brave” and “rich and yellow”?

“Seven times one” I was that day—
Velvet bee what’s your age?
Nimble round the heliotrope
You prospect and forage.

I believe, Oh velvet bee,
You a faithful lover,
Followed wooing through the years,
And I just discover.

But your story now shall be
Handed down through time;
Honey-bees and heliotrope
Amberized in rhyme.

BROTHERS TO ME

Little new leaves on the old Mother Tree,
Rocking and swaying, so careless and free,

How does the bonny big world look to you?
What do you think of the sky so blue?

Swaying and swinging by night and by day
Rain drops come bathe you and soon dry away.

Out in the wildwood no living thing grieves—
All claim you brothers, dear little green leaves.

Bluebird and linnet and quaint dragon-fly,
Swaying with you watch the bright days go by.

Swaying and dancing in gladness and glee—
Little green leaves are you brothers to me?

IF I WERE A TREE

If I were a tree, a tall straight tree,
With my arms held out to the sky,
With a million leaves for my dress every spring,
And a beautiful bird's nest in place of a ring,
I know what I'd do, if I were a tree,
Reaching up ever so high.

I'd grow my branches like crooked stairs
With places to fit small feet;
To the topmost tip top, these branches I'd grow,
To a place like a seat for a boy that I know,
So the boy and his book and the smile that he wears
Would find a sheltered retreat.

If I were a tree, a tall straight tree,
And this boy climbed into my arms,
I'd rock him so gently and sing to him low
All the songs of the winds from far countries that blow;
Tales of the ages, of serf and of free,
Heroes and wars and alarms.

I'd sing to the boy and I'd tell my tales
Till he grew to a tall straight man,
With a pure gold heart and a mind fresh and free
As the wind that blows over the wide spreading sea;
For the friendship of tree and of boy never fails
Since ever the world began.

SWALLOWTIME

Swallowtime and woods ablow
Listen, stilly waiting—
This is luscious, fragrant June
And the birds are mating.

Swishing softly as a breath
South wind sways the grasses,
Perfumed with the orange bloom
Gleaming where it passes.

Brother Mocker sits and swings
(Topmost cypress choosing),
Shares his happiness with us—
Singing, shouting, musing.

Honey-bee flits here and yon
(Very busy fellow)
Harvesting the sweetness held
By the cowslips yellow.

Bubbling o'er, the baby stream
Gurgles 'round the cresses;
Playing with the dancing beams
Of the sun's caresses.

Soft and slow the shadows fall—
(Leafy boughs down-bended)
Stars peep out to see it all—
One sweet June day ended.

REVERIE

Like to butterflies in spring
Sailing free on dainty wing,
Vagrant thoughts come flitting by
I would catch them as they fly.

One is of the morning grey—
Scarce the night has passed away—
Long low line of sandy beach
Stretching far as eye can reach.

Through the fog, one hears afar
Sounds where white-capped breakers are,
And the splash against the pier
Of the big waves coming near.

Boats and pier one scarce can see
Through the dim light, mistily;
Fishermen, on either hand,
Look like pale ghosts on the sand.

One's about a tiny boat,
On the broad, blue waves afloat;
Sails all spread to catch the breeze,
Pennants flying as they please.

And a seagull from afar
Lights upon a slender spar;
Happy bird to come and go
Freely as the salt winds blow.

One's of how the setting sun
Paints the world, when day is done;
Rose and gold and orange deep,
Sky and sea and mountain steep.

As the colors slowly fade
Into evening's sombre shade
Comes the slender sickle moon
And the night-breeze' gentle rune.

One is of the fragrant night,
Scent of orange blossoms white,
Far off coo of mating dove,
Mocker singing songs of love.

Or a hush, when all is still
Save the whispers from the hill,
And the soothing murmurs low
Of the waves that ebb and flow.

Vagrant thoughts and memories dear,
Happy songs and pictures clear,
Life is full of pleasant things
Flitting by on fairy wings.

THE HILLS

The brave up-standing hills—
Immovable and bold—
Untouched by changing seasons flow,
Or blasting heat or cold.

So let my spirit be
Through all these changeful days;
Serene and brave and unconcerned
At fortune's devious ways.

THE VIOLET

The violet is nearer God than I;
The bud leans down to earth to hear His voice,
And hearing it, unfolds her purple gown
And upward looks, to thank Him and rejoice.

Ah violet! might I, too, learn to hear
God's voice in every common, humble thing;
Then robe my spirit in its best attire
And, ever looking upward, peans sing.

WILD BIRD AND SEA

My thoughts are like the west wind
That blows so wild and free;
 But the ocean's foam
 Is the west wind's home,
And thou—thou art my sea.

My thoughts like vagrant wild birds
Soar high, low, east and west;
 Unfettered and free
 O'er land and o'er sea—
But thy heart is their nest.

Ref.:

Like the wild winds of the seashore—
Like the wild birds o'er the lea—
 My thoughts are winging
 Their upward way singing,—
Singing, dear one, to thee.

EVENING

The light has faded and the meadowlark is still,
But from yon cypress comes sweet melody—
The mocking-bird is singing to the moon—
The glorious moon floods all the world with silver
And earth is sweeter far than at high noon.

LEMON HEIGHTS

The road winds 'round and 'round and ever up
Until upon the hill's high crest we stand;
Three ways we view the fertile plains below
That stretch far, far away to ocean's strand.

Look yonder, where the vast well-ordered rank
Of Oranges and Lemons stand—green fruitful trees,
Row after row, like armies marching down
To meet the onslaught of the raging seas.

The sea's strong salty breath comes romping in
Sweet laden with the scent of flower and fruit;
So strong, so sweet, we needs must breathe full deep—
Again and yet again, the air we loot.

Like toppers drawing in their draught of wine—
Ah! this is wine—good wine beyond compare,
That stirs the life-blood and the spirit too,
Like some Elixir, magical and rare.

And after standing there so deeply stirred,
Viewing the wide, wide stretch of land and sea,
We bear away within our hearts the peace
That follows Nature's Benedicite.

WANDERLUST

I would go roaming, I would go roaming,
On the mountain, by the sea or in the dell,
 In the bright summer weather
 To tramp among the heather
And find the hidden nooks where wood-nymphs dwell.

I would go roaming, my spirit's homing
To its own native heath afar from town;
 Where the earth is sweet and clean
 And the sunlight glints between
The tangled maze of wildwood, green and brown.

I would go roaming, in twilight's gloaming,
Or at daybreak, e'er the night is fully gone;
 O'er dew-bespangled grasses,
 And through the rocky passes,
To greet the first sun-rays that herald dawn.

I would go roaming, I would go roaming,
Till the sun at zenith finds me hidden deep
 In some dense woody fastness,
 Some leafy, mossy vastness,
Where mother nature lulls all care to sleep.

WHEN THE SEA SINGS

When the great waters sing under your window,
Murmuring softly, and murmuring low,
Think of me yearning and crooning a lullaby,
Inland, perhaps, where the desert winds blow.

When the big waves roll in steadily splashing,
Lazily lapping 'round headland and pier;
Think of me far from the tang and the taste of it,
Hearing the call of it, near and more near.

When whitecaps gather and swells rise to break again
Break into glorious mountains of foam,
Think of me shouting with joy in the song of it,
Paens of freedom—my sea and my home!

When in the moonshine, the singing grows clearer,
Calling the heart of you, thrilling your soul,
I, too, am hearing it, I'm in the throb of it,
Your soul and my soul and sea in the whole.

When like a wild thing, untamed and untamable,
Angrily lashing and sullenly grey,
Who, as I, gloats in the daring and strength of it,
Victor triumphant in combat and fray.

But when the sun gleams through, glowing and tender,
Penitent, gentle, the sea echo flings,
Stillily sobbing with love in the undertone—
Think of me lovingly when the sea sings.

PHILOSOPHIC



WAITING

I'm waiting, Oh weary one,
Can ye not know?
Outside the door of your heart
Knocking so!

I'm loving you, weary one,
Deeply and true,
Always my arms are stretched,
Sheltering you.

I HAVE FOUND GOD

In my deep soul's recesses,
So still I fain would be,
That my own God of power and might
May talk with me.

For in those secret places—
In the heart of man or clod—
In the absolute hush and stillness—
I have found God.

I AND THE WORLD

My mind, my soul, no one but I can see,
No one can read their meaning nor their plan;
No ear but mine can understand their cry,
Strongest of bars shut out my brother man.

The world flows by, each unit in its place;
I stand apart—Eternal guard I keep;
And day and night, come whatsoe' changes may,
I never slumber and I never sleep.

I sit within and note the passing throng,
And as they pass, each face I scrutinize;
And some I hail, my own, they answering cry;
And some as strangers ever recognize.

I am my soul, the guardian of myself!
Through all Eternity I still shall be;
One with the Whole, in it and of it; yet
A separate spark of Immortality.

WHENCE

What matter tho' I cannot see the source,
Cannot tell whence nor how my good appear?
The great supply has never failed, nor will,
With God's own promise, wherefore should I fear?

He ever stands with open hands and heart,
More near than breath or thought or each heartbeat;
For Life He is, and everything I need,
To make that Life abundant and complete.

HARMONY

I struck a chord today that seemed to hold all life bound
in the strain;
It told of Hope and Love and Joy and Work and Misery
and Pain;
And every life complete holds all, that blend and make one
perfect whole—
One Harmony, and these in turn, all parts are of the Over-
soul.

SONG OF THE OVERSOUL

We are the notes in the Great Soul's Song of Life;
Each one of us a note, or sad or shrill,
Now strongly vibrant, now but feebly heard,
Now with the Joy of Life itself, we thrill.

Great Soul that sings through me, may my one note
Be so triumphant, fearless, unafraid,
So full of all that conquers Life and Death,
And all the devils Life and Death have made,

That each My-other-soul may listening hear,
And hearing, be attuned to answering key,
Till realm on realm of ether shall resound
Through boundless space to that grand harmony.

WHO CARES

Who cares?
The world is wide and I am strong—
I will go forth and face the restless throng—
With head held high and on my lips a song.

Who cares?
Though some may sneer and turn aside —
I, with my God, am more than all beside,
And I shall conquer, whatsoe'er betide.

THE ROAD OF LIFE

Trav'ling a-down the Way of Life,
Sharing its bitter and sweet,
How like it is to a pleasant road
Where the sea and mountains meet.
It winds along through grassy ways,
Or over a rocky trail,
Warm and bright and flower-sweet,
Or torn by a raging gale.
And sometimes flanked by frowning crags,
And sometimes sheltering hills;
And bordered now by desert spots,
And now by trickling rills.
But always the blue sky overhead,
And always the stars at night;
And always the strength for the daily stint,
And always the inner light.
And always my hand in the Father's held,
And tho' clouds hide the skies so fair,
With the radiant eye of Faith, I see
That the blue and the stars are there.
And sometimes the mountain looms ahead,
And I see no way to go,
Yet on and on the pathway leads
To a sudden turn, and Lo!
I had not noticed the raise in the road
That led to the heights above;
But now I find I have travelled up
To the edge of the Sea of Love.
The Sea that is Father and Mother, too,
And Life and Joy and Home—

I quaff its waters o'er and o'er,
I bathe myself in the foam.
Ah, brother, trav'ling the Road of Life,
When skies are dull and grey,
Or threatening torrents roar beside,
Or mountains block your way—
Stretch out your hand to the Father's hand,
He ever is close beside;
And let the light of your inmost soul
Shine 'round you to be your guide.
And never falter and never fear
Tho' the day be drear or fair—
The skies are ever blue above—
The stars are always there.

ARISE AND SHINE FOR THY LIGHT HAS COME

Arise and shine for thy Light has come!
See, o'er the hills it's breaking—
Stern, bare hills that bound you in—
Hills of ignorance, doubt and sin,
A world of darkness making.

But the Light has come, it is the day!
And over the hills that bound you,
A pathway, see, that leads to the crest!
Then up and climb—no time for rest
With the God-Light shining 'round you.

FAITH

A tumult rages within,
The sources of life are stayed,
The hills of strength are cleft in twain,
And the soul is sore dismayed.

For the sun of my world is seen no more—
The Heavens are seething black;
No hope, no light, no warmth, no cheer,—
Deluge and waste and wrack.

Then the voice of the Master whispered low,
"Peace, peace, my child, be still.
Not yours to judge, from your small world,
Whether a change be ill."

Great All-Father, I'd forgot—
(My little world loomed big to me),
Forgot how all-encompassing,
Unfailing still, Thy love must be.

If the sun of my world will shine no more,
If I see but the darkling night,
I'll keep my candle of love aglow,
To be a beacon light.

MY NEIGHBOR

What does my neighbor t'other side the door?
He goes—he comes—but not a word say I.
We meet—we pass—with never speech between,
Save that which passes quick from eye to eye.

Some day, "good morning," I will say to him—
Will he reply? Shall we each better know
For those few words? or must there be between
A blank wall stretched that naught can overthrow?

So many faces that we see each day—
So many forms we touch in crowded street—
But never know if they be friend or foe—
We see the face—the soul we never meet.

Till, on a day, we see one peering through—
We recognize a friend and hail him so—
And all Life's path from thence forevermore
With love and light and laughter is aglow.

TRUTH AND POWER

The Truth of God and the Power of Love!
Ah, never doubt what we all can prove!
As the grey mist folds all the earth and the sea,
So this wonderful Love envelops me.
And its power so great to me is given
To move all things in earth and Heaven.

LOVE'S MYSTERY

As the stone by the hand of the sculptor
Is chiseled and broken and shaped;
As the clay in the hands of the potter
Is molded and twisted and scraped;

As in stone and in clay are embodied
The dream of the man come true,
When the final polish is added
And beauty is born anew—

So I, in the hands of the Master,
Am broken and chiseled and cast,
That out of the coarse rough matrix
His dream shall come true at last.

And as in the olden story
The statue was loved into life,
So He, who is shaping my being,
Withholding or using the knife,

Has loved me, with love so compelling,
With love so unailing and free,
That I must needs answer and quicken
To Life and to Love's mastery.

I'm a dream in the mind of the Master,
Perfect in line and in hue,
And He lovingly molds me and shapes me,
That sometime the dream may come true.

THE PIGEONS

My thoughts like happy pigeons fly,
They come, they go, are never still;
They seek the cool of lofty trees,
And view the restless world at will.

They watch the mass surge to and fro;
The little folk trot here and there;
So full of busiest intent,
With serious mien or careless air,—

And wonder what it's all about—
Why rush and tear and push and fret?
With not a thought of Life at all,
Nor aught but to a living get.

Two pigeons to my window came
This early morn, serene and cool;
I fed them and they seemed content—
Are they so wise? am I a fool?

If I should to the Father go
In quiet mood and trustingly,
Should I not welcome find, and love?
Would He not feed me plenteously?

PAIN'S MESSAGE

How now, Friend Pain! what message do you bring?
Have I forgot, one space of worldly time
My august source, my origin divine—
To so enthrall my body with this thing?

Have I forgot the grand authority
That lies in every word that I may speak—
So it be from a conscious heart and meek—
And of Love's fullness and consistency?

For all the power that holds the stars in place,
Or gives each tiniest flower its shape and hue;
That orders every season in review,
And on each butterfly its markings trace.

Is mine, by virtue of the God-in-me;
And all may share with me who will it so—
And all do share—who know it not or know—
And our credentials are for all to see.

For He who walked serene upon the wave,
And made the dead to live, and showered light—
The precious sunlight—where was erstwhile night,
He, too, a message to all people gave.

"In faith believing, what you will is yours;
And nothing is impossible to you.
All I have done and greater you may do."
Why do we so ignore this gift of ours?

We lay our talent carefully away
And then bemoan that we are ill or poor;
Or unkind Fate we rail at and abjure
For divers handicaps from day to day.

When ours the gift to say "Lo, Peace, be still,"
Or "This, of mine, I wish within my hand,"
And it is done; and free and strong we stand,
With land and sea and sky to do our will.

Up! up, my soul! begone Friend Pain, begone!
I've heard your warning and obeyed your call;
And my supremacy I claim o'er all;
Mine the dominion, through the Only One!

WILL

Enthroned within my citadel I sit in state
And rule the destinies of nations and their kings;
And greater far than all, I too decide
The fate of one small empire—one man's soul—
I judge and sentence, fix both pace and goal;
And after, by my strength or weakness urged,
One rules the mass, or in the mass is merged.

THE PLAN

The Great Lord God, the builder of worlds,
And flies and worms and dust;
Soft rains and floods that devastate,
Zephyrs and gales robust;

Looked over the things that He had made,
And over the span of Time,
And far in the Future's outposts dim
He formed a Plan sublime.

A wonderful Plan! a scheme superb!
A Dream of God's inmost heart!
Of which He whispers to mortal man
Just the tiniest hint or part.

But now He said, "It's a lonesome job,
Tho' all's mine, below—above—
I have it! I'll make me lesser gods
To love me—that I can love."

So He built a man and He built his mate,
With a Godlike nature within;
And He set them down on this little world
With a knowledge of good and sin.

And He gave them power to love or hate,
To strive—to learn—to grow
Till near and nearer to God himself
They struggled up from below.

Or living just from day to day,
Content with the Things That Be,
They could slide along, ignoring quite
Their chance for Eternity.

And the Great Lord God watched over all,
And love for love gave back
A hundredfold; and the earnest soul
Knew never stint nor lack.

The ways were hard and each toiled alone;
The mountain paths were steep;
And higher they went and greater grew,
And their power to love more deep.

And the Great Lord God looked on and watched
And He marked which ones were true;
And He said to those who'd grown apace,
"My Plan has need of you."

So higher and higher, on and on,
Each staunch soul climbed to his place;
But the weakling souls gave up the strife
In the early part of the race.

A THEORY:

Supposing the Universal Overruling Power to be trying an experiment; to have a definite, eventual Plan; placing mankind on the earth, each with certain powers; each with certain handicaps; each with a will and power to choose. Leaving them free to fit themselves for a part in the Great Plan, or to lose their individuality and become again absorbed in the Ether,—the Survival of the Fittest.

COMPENSATION

There's a battle conquered somewhere
In some great good heart and soul;
There's a spirit now returning
From death's dark, mysterious shoal.

And the calm of life seems sweeter
After intervals of pain;
As the earth is all the fresher
For the heaven-sent burst of rain.

And the robin's note is clearer
After winter's snows have gone;
And we joy to greet the springtime
When his blythe song wakes the dawn.

And there's not a note of sadness
But has joy somewhere within;
And there's not a song of sorrow
But might be a glorious hymn.

GREATLY DARE

Greatly dare! my soul, Oh, greatly dare!
No great things come to little souls, safe tended;
But to those Souls Courageous, everywhere,—
These are by God, and God alone defended.

GLAD DAY

I'm looking for that Day with Glory gleaming,
That wondrous Day of Miracles and Light,
When we shall change for vision clear, this seeming
For brightest Morningtide, this dusky night.

When every cloud shall show its silver lining,
And every shadow prove the glowing sun;
And Joy, Glad Joy, replace our sad repining,
And laughter dry the tears of everyone.

When rain and sun and dew and flowers together,
Shall gleam and glow and sparkle in our eyes;
When every kind of Time and Place and Weather,
Shall shine refulgently and happy-wise.

Oh, wondrous Day! Great Day of Glad Rejoicing!
Of Happy Hearts, and Song, and Smiling Brow!
Of Loving Thoughts a myriad throats are voicing!
Why not believe and make that Glad Day NOW?

A HINDOO LEGEND

The Swami spoke in accents musical,
And quiet way that told of hidden fire;
And all he said was set forth loving-wise,
To comfort, cheer, encourage and inspire.

And so he told a tale of Hindoo lore,
Of one, who trav'ling o'er a desert place,
Sudden perceived, far off, in human guise,
A form, through lowering mists, draw near apace.

And knowing well the tales his grandsires told
Of evil spirits, who on mischief bent,
Frequented just such dreary wastes as these,
Waylaying men, and on their hurt intent,

The traveller was filled with great alarm,
And never doubted but his end was near;
Yet bravely kept his way, advancing still
To meet the spirit of this place austere.

And near and nearer through the mists they came,
And nearer yet, till much to his delight,
He saw in truth, the one so greatly feared,
Was, like himself, a traveller through the night.

Until, when close at hand, to his surprise,
And happiness, he saw his brother's face!
Well loved and dear! Now fear gave way to joy,
At such a meeting in that lonely place.

So to each one who treads the wastes of Time,
Come phantom forms to fill us with dismay ;
Half hidden by the mists of ignorance,
And Faith alone may help us on our way.

Yet, an we never stop but keep the path,
With heart courageous and with steadfast soul,
The thing we fear may prove our greatest good,
May strengthen and sustain us to our goal.

So falter not, but keep serenely on,
Whate'er may loom ahead—how dreadful seem ;
When close at hand, the mists which now distort,
Shall fade and vanish like a passing dream.

And that which seemed most dread shall stand revealed
A form of love and beauty that we know ;
And we shall gladly welcome and embrace
As full blood-brother every erstwhile foe.

SUCCESS

No royal road can e'er the end attain—
No silken gown be worn along the way—
No downy couch be sought with coming night—
Nor song nor dancing while away the day.

But every muscle tensed with all its might
Must struggle on beneath a burning sun;
And night's cool breezes only serve to fresh
Renew our ardor when the day is done.

And over jagged rocks and burning sands
Our footprints, lined in blood, we leave behind;
But dare not falter, lest our requiem
Be sung at even by the chilling wind.

Come, gird yourself afresh, repining one,
And struggle forward but a little space;
No smoother road, I prophesy afar.
But stronger souls and bodies for the race.

THE LONG, LONG ROAD

It's a long, long road and a weary one
To the "Land o' Heart's Desire,"
How long, we never dream as we start
Aflame with youthful fire.

For we look afar as Moses did
To the Promised Land so fair,
And lo! it's a magnet luring us on,
Calling us, drawing us there.

To one it shines with an artist's fame,
One sees with the poet's eye;
One yearns to succor his fellow men,
One would for his country die.

One would barter and wealth attain,
One would live wild and free;
One would go down to the sea in ships,
One would a singer be.

But each one sees with the eye of faith
The place he would call his own,
And each one starts on the long, long road,
And everyone starts alone.

And much of the way is o'er grassy meads
With the sun and the birds and the dew;
And time is fleet and all life is a song,
And our visions vivid and new.

But many a day as we journey on
The clouds of doubt hang low;
And the rain of discontentment falls,
And adversity's chill winds blow.

Then the brave, the true and the stout of heart
Look up where the sun should be,
And with firmer tread still hold their course
Till its gleams again they see.

And each one carries the torch of Hope
That lights up the darkest night;
And over each one is the star of Love
That makes every dark place bright.

Aye, the road is long and the goal desired
Is never by one attained,
But all who strive with an earnest zeal
Have many a victory gained.

For the vision grows as we nearer come,
And ever we see afar
A fairer goal, a greater gain,
A larger and brighter star.

And those whom the vision is luring on
Are building cairns by the way,
That say, "Take courage, Brother of mine,
Another passed here today."

So all who have seen the vision clear
And into the spirit grown,
Are each one trav'ling the long, long road,
And each one travels alone.

APPRECIATION

What shall we find at the end of the day
 After the fighting is o'er?
After trudging the weary way,
After the dust and the heat and the fray,
Tell me—what of the end of the day?

What shall we find at the end of the road
 After the journey is o'er?
After the weight of a heavy load,
After the sting of the spur and the goad,
Tell me—what's at the end of the road?

What shall we find at the end of the day?
 What does it matter now?
Flowers are blooming along the way;
Gather them, cherish them as you may
To cheer your soul at the end of the day.

What shall we find at our journey's end?
 Ah! what have we now?
Meadows green just around the bend,
And trudging beside us a loving friend—
Loyal and true to the journey's end.

What do we care for the end of things?

The present is full of good!

The sun shines warm and the skies are blue,

And the billowing sea is fair to view,

And the mountains rise in their majesty,

Crested with snow in its purity,

And the meadow-lark calls and the mocking-bird sings

And the rose like a spendthrift its petals flings.

What care we for the end of things?

A DREAM

I dreamed last night a strange and wondrous dream,

I thought that all things were not what they seem;

The bed, for instance, where I lay to sleep,

Became a mountain side, both rough and steep,

Up which I climbed, and climbing came at last,

To where I saw all Time, to come or past.

And all was one, and what would be was done,

And men flew by as midges in the sun.

And of their hopes and loves and hates and cares,

I saw no whit, nor any joy of theirs.

Only the impulse, none might stop nor stay,

To mix and mingle in the sun's bright ray.

One Thought that governed, holding them in thrall;

One Power, the Sun of Love, embracing all.

REGENERATION

Solemnly, steadily, one by one,
The hours go by and the days,
Longingly, yearningly, I sit alone,
Never a one of them stays;
Days grow to weeks and the weeks to a month,
Months added on make a year,
Solemnly, steadily, years pass along
Till the tale of a life lies clear.

Waiting and watching for happiness, I,
Thinking it must come at last—
Fearful to step just aside of my path
To clutch at its skirts as it passed.
Fearful of all things and self most of all—
Therefore a lifetime has flown
Wasted, in waiting and watching for help—
Waiting, just waiting alone.

Help! I have looked for and found it today,
Neither in friends nor in creeds,
Newborn the courage within me that proves
Just the right help for my needs.
Waiting and watching no longer I sit—
Acting and doing's the plan—
Happiness comes not to him who's afraid
But to the confident man.

BE STILL TODAY

Out of the depths of my lonely heart
 I call to you,
Or near at hand or far away you be,
 Oh lonely one!
I know your longing and your keen desire,
Your deep depression like a smoldering fire—
I too am lonely oft, and yet I say,
Take hold of life anew, be strong today.

Out of the depths of my restless heart
 I call to you,
Whether on land or sea—where'er you be,
 Oh restless one!
I, too, would wander, sail from port to port,
See strange new countries, minster, hall and court—
Always I dream it, yet to you I say,
Be still, Oh restless one; be still today!

Only today be still, be calm, be strong,
A steadfast faith will haste the time along—
The shades of night give way to morning fair,
Another day, your dream may burgeon there;
You lonely one may find your heart's twin soul—
You restless one at length attain your goal;
Let Hope's bright beacon fires make light your way.
 Be still today.

THE WINDS OF GOD

The Winds of God are strong and sweet,
And they sweep through the Soul's domain,
Stirring the source of the Spring of Life
Till the Soul is whole again.

They shake the depths of morbid fear
And rout the ghouls therein;
And wake to radiant life the soul
That else had slumbering been.

And on their breath, from the Soul of Love,
Is wafted a sweet perfume,
Tender and soft and ever new
As the first spring crocus bloom.

The Winds of God are vibrant, too,
With the Song of the Joy of Life;
The song of the stanch, unconquered soul,
Untouched by fear or strife.

And evil thoughts, and thoughts of hate,
And sorrow and sin and pain,
Are all dispersed when the Winds of God
Sweep through the Soul's domain.

LOVE

I WOULD HAVE LOVERS MANY

I would have lovers many!

Lovers of me for the body God gave me,

Lovers of me for the mind I have developed.

Lovers of me for the soul which is God.

All that I am is my way of expressing the Spirit of God.

It is different to any other expression.

No greater—no less, but different.

And the more true I am to every movement of the Spirit in me—every instinct, every intuition, every keen desire—the more I shall grow toward the perfection of the Spirit.

But I must have no fear of these instincts or desires because they are different from those of the people about me.

They may be quite contrary to the conventional or orthodox, but to be true to the Spirit in me, I have nothing to do with convention's ways or orthodoxy.

In fact, I think it is because we are such slaves to conventions that we have grown so far away from the Spirit.

If we had always heeded its messages and obeyed its dictates, we should not now be afraid to follow wherever it leads—it would be the natural way.

So, may I henceforth live my life as the Spirit dictates; *unafraid*, no matter what the leading may be.

For the Father who is All-Good can give nothing but good to his children. He who is Love can only beget Love.

So, living true to my origin I may beget Love.

Men, women and children will be my lovers, for I would have lovers many..

And why not the lower animals and the flowers—especially the wild flowers. I sometimes think hot-house flowers are like conventional people—farther away from the Spirit and for that reason less loving.

And the sea and the mountains and the prairies—are they not definite symbols of love and power and strength and stability?

So I will have lovers many, but never again must I deny myself *any* expression that *my* Spirit indicates.

Great Souls are always unafraid.

Fear dwarfs and withers.

Even when the way seems to lead through deep waters, the end will be Glory if I go through with high head, high heart and a loving Spirit.

And that is the test; if the carrying out of the instinct or desire increases our love for everybody and everything, we may be sure it is the Spirit leading, and nothing else matters.

And as Love begets Love, if I love much, I shall have Lovers Many.

MY ROSE

One rose, of all the roses of Heaven!
One love, of all the loves that there be!
But my rose is fairer and my love is dearer
Than all other loves and roses to me.

LOVE'S GIFTS

With One Supreme Director over all
And Love, the ruling power, how can I fall?

What need consider trouble or distress?
All Love is mine to comfort and to bless.

All Love is mine—I take it or refuse!
The Great Lord gave me Will and Power to choose.

Mine is the need and mine wherewith to fill
All needs, all wishes—Love is endless still.

Mine is the weakness if I put Love by;
With Love I'm strong beyond imagery.

Beauty is mine when Love I lean upon
And Youth perennial—a changeless sun.

And Life Eternal, and Great Joy and Power,
Are Love's own gifts to me from hour to hour.

PERFECT NIGHT

Oh! perfect night! the sea serene and calm
And over all the everlasting stars
In bright array; no discord mars
The Eternal harmony—no noise of day
Disturbs the ear—
And love—my love—is near!

WEDDING SONG

Cloudy day or sunny day
Happy be your wedding day; [at one;
Yours the light and cheer from Love enthroned in hearts
What the weather never care—
You have sunshine everywhere—
And happy is the bride that the sun of Love shines on.

Tho' Old Sol may hide his face,
Veiling it in misty lace,
Still is yours the lovelight of loyal hearts and true;
Whether skies be dark or fair
Yours the sunshine everywhere—
Radiant Love lights up the night and burnishes the blue.

Years will come and years will go—
Nothing heed with Love aglow;
Each to each for comfort turning—growing in Love's ways—
As you wander here and there,
Shed your sunshine everywhere,
Happy bride and happy lover all your length of days,

FAIRY LAND

One stilly eve when the crescent moon
Hung low o'er the western sea,
My love and I sailed out afar
Where the west wind wanders free.

And the stars came out and winked at us
In a knowing kind of way,
And the silver trail we left behind
Blinked back in the bright star-ray.

And all night long we sailed and sailed
Far out on a silver sea,
Into the heart of the glowing west
In search of love's own country.

And many a night and many a day
We've looked for the fairy land,
Then turned us back to the land of home
And anchored upon its strand.

And the crescent moon grew full and round
And the stars sent brighter rays,
And our love it grew till at length we knew
The happy loveland ways.

For the fairy land and the fairy sea
With their wonderful glow and light
Are found in the depths of each loving heart
If only you search aright.

And we sit and dream by the sunset sea
And the bright stars come and go,
And the crescent moon grows round and round
And the high tides ebb and flow.

And still we walk in the land of love
And ever we look and see
The lovelight flooding a fairy land,
And the waves of a fairy sea.

GREATHEART

One thing of all the Good God giveth me
I daily thank Him for on bended knee;
My Lover—of the all-enfolding heart,
Where malice and unlove have never part;
And understanding mind that sees for each
His right to his own view of all men teach.
And faith serene that never doubts the good
Nor ever wavers tho' misunderstood.
And quiet courage naught can e'er dismay,
Calm and undaunted still, or shock or fray.
Greatheart indeed! Ah, great to love and bless,
To still all tumults with his gentleness.
And I the chosen one—his love to be—
Ah, yes, the Good God's very good to me.

A SONG

I wot not why nor ever question whither,
I only know that deep and true,
Down in my heart something is growing, growing—
My love for you!

Through sunny days or when the sun is hidden,
When roses bloom or fall to dust;
Though balmy breeze or stormy wind is blowing—
I love—and trust!

When happy birds their songs of love are singing,
I can but echo their refrain;
When songs are stilled and sad the heart and silent,
Love grows amain.

So may it grow through every kind of weather,
Whatever chances Fate may bring—
Aye, be it mine, through all Life's joy and sadness,
To love and sing.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

What do I know? I know that life is sweet,
And Love's own self has made my life complete.

I know the grasses green, and flowers and trees
Are gently waving in the southern breeze.

I know the Mocker sends from that tall tree,
A flood of sweet, inspiring melody.

I know that friends are many and are dear,
And some grow dearer with each passing year.

I know that children's laughter sounds as sweet
As music heard from some Cathedral seat.

I know that work is good, with hand or brain,
And that with time will heal the sharpest pain.

I know the world is wide, the world is fair,
And all its beauties mine, to love and share.

I know that flowers bloom and fade and die,
And so do men and women,—so shall I.

But while I live, be mine the happy lot,
To fill with love and work some little spot.

What do I know? I know that life is sweet,
And Love's own self has made my life complete.

GIFT OF THE GODS

Love is a gift of the Gods divine—
Oh what a wonderful gift is mine!

Never a soul in this world below
Can conjure Love or can make it grow.

For sometimes when we would bid it stay
It mocks our ardor and flies away.

And when we try to entice it near
It turns to dust like a leaflet sere.

But while we look with cold disdain
It floods the heart like an April rain.

And all our scorn and worldly art
But bind it closer to the heart.

For where Love's sent it needs must go
And every barrier overthrow.

And every life wherein Love glows
Is glorified and turned to rose.

Love is a gift of the Gods divine—
Oh what a wonderful gift is mine!

LOVE

Love for the soft grey hovering clouds,
Love for the sunny days;
Love for the stirring life of men,
Love for the sheltered ways.

Love for the light from friendly stars,
Love for the cool night air;
Love for the dawn of another day,
Love for the midday glare.

Love for all that we see and feel,
All that we know or do;
Love for the loving hearts around,
But most of all for you.

SEASHORE AND SEA

My lover hath a mighty love for me
Its waves are like those of the restless sea
That sometimes softly ripple and caress
And soothe and comfort with their tenderness;

And sometimes rising with great surge and swell
They all-enfold me; Ah! he loves me well.
And I? More love there could not be,
For I to him, am seashore to the sea.

A QUESTION

Dearest, how can I write
The day or night through—
When all of me, body and soul,
Is crying for you?

How can I fashion a rhyme
Of fennel or rue—
When the innermost parts of my being
Are calling for you?

How should I maunder romantic
Of flowers and dew—
When holding my breath and on tiptoe
I'm waiting for you?

LOVE-WAVES

Down by the edge of the sandy beach
The little love-waves come creeping;
Rippling and dimpling and murmuring low,
With a mad little rush, or lazily slow,
And I know 'tis my feet they are trying to reach
With their queer little, odd little leaping;
And ever their song is, soft and low,
I love you, I love you, I love you so.

LIGHT OF LIFE

Oh love! Oh love! my love beyond compare!
Blood of my heart and breath of life to me!
No sunlight shines, no hope is anywhere
Save where the symbols of thy love I see.

No joy on earth, no hope of joy in heaven,
No fear of hell, for hell there cannot be
More awe-inspiring, dread and fear-compelling
Than life on earth alone, sans love, sans thee.

But with thee, dear, to counsel, guide, uphold me,
Love makes its own sweet heaven everywhere;
Oh may that love of thine for aye enfold me—
Our hearts, our lives, all earth and heaven share.

LOVES VARIOUS

One love is like a summer day
That warmly glows—then fades away;
One is a steady burning light
That brightens up the darkest night.
One is a brilliant flashing flame.
That goes as quickly as it came.
One is the home-fire's gentle glow
We always long for and sometimes know;
The faithful love that is always there
Through any weather, dark or fair.

THIS IS JUNE

Happy birds shall sing your bridal song,
All the flowers of June make sweet the air;
Every butterfly and honey-bee
Claims your kinship, oh most happy pair!
All things living, lovingly in tune—
 This is June!

Lonely hearts look longingly and far,
Happy hearts rest peacefully and sing;
Hearts like yours must overflow with song,
Joyous paens, rhythmic cadence ring,
Or a gentle flowing, rippling rune—
 This is June!

Hand in hand trip lightly down the years,
Crowned with garlands and caressed with song;
Twin souls marching blithely, and in tune
Carolling to pass the day along;
Life is but a day and passes soon—
 This is June!

A PSALM OF LOVE

My Own hath raised up my soul from the dust and the
miry clay;
He hath gathered it close to his own and hath speeded away
To the region of light and of love and of infinite day.

He hath found me alone and adrift in the darkness of night;
Lost and weary and hungry and cold and a-tremble with
fright;
And he straightway hath wrapped me around with his love
in its might.

He hath come on the wings of the morn from the ends of
the earth;
He hath given my spirit new hope and my soul a new birth;
In the place of my grief hath brought joy and for sorrow
brought mirth.

In the strength of that love of my soul I am upright and free;
And I dauntlessly, fearlessly face all the powers that be;
For my own, the twin soul of my soul, hath been given to me.

IN THE COOL AND THE DUSK

In the cool and the dusk I hied me down to the sea,
Down to the edge of the waves that shimmered beneath the
moon;

There, I knew, was waiting my man, the mate of my soul,—
Man and moon and deep sea's magical, mystical rune.

Silver cold were the rays as they glinted and gleamed,
But the great sea billowed and throbbed like a thing of life;
Surging with life, and with longing and ardent desire,
Landward, (Ah, Lover Sea, so my man meward was rife).

I saw him stand with his back to the sea and the sky,
Over the sands, deserted, I hurried me down;
Right into the arms, extended in love and desire,—
Straightway I was all-enfolded,—Ah, Love is a crown!

There in the sight of the great waves caressing the land,
There, where the moonbeams and star-glitter mingle and
meet,

I and my lover were blended and merged into one,
One body, one soul and one spirit, resplendent, complete.

One with the land and its glorious lover, the sea,
One with the stars in the amorous embrace of the sky,
One with the life and the love of the universe wide,
One with all living, or known or beyond our descry.

MY STAR

Long have I wandered alone—alone—
Alone in the dark, dark wold—
Under the shade of cedar and pine,
 Whose shadows are cold.

And the woods seemed to have no end—no end—
The path underneath was rough—
And crossed and recrossed by straggling vines,
 All twisted and tough.

Ofttimes I stumbled and fell—and fell—
And I was all bruised and sore—
Aching with smart from nettles that stung
 And brambles that tore.

Till once as I lay forlorn—forlorn—
I saw as I looked afar
Up through the tangled branches above,
 A glistening star!

Oh, wondrous star! my hope—my hope—
All sudden my way was bright!
Clear stretched the path through the od'rous wood—
 I followed the light.

Thou art my star, oh my love—my love—
My guide through the maze of life—
Steadfast and calm if peaceful the time
 Or storm-clouds are rife.

(A very free translation of an Indian love-song.)

Star of my longing, lead on—lead on—
I follow whate'er the way;
For ever the night when thou dost guide
 Is sweeter than day.

Leave me to wander no more—no more—
My chart and compass—my own—
With thee beside I go firmly on—
 No longer alone.

GREETING

At birth of day I greet you
 In thought, Oh well beloved!
And through the day,
 Like elves at play,
My thoughts they hover round you—
And in and out
 And round about
My loving thoughts surround you.

At close of day I say goodnight
 To you—my well beloved!
And softly pray
 I ever may
Wrapped in my thoughts still hold you
And all the night
 Till morning light
My loving thoughts enfold you.

GOODNIGHT

Goodnight dear love—

The flaming sun has dropped into the sea,
The night birds now are calling each to each,
The sky has paled from gold to coolest grey,
And all deserted lies the wave-lapped beach.
Slowly all outlines dim and fade from sight—

Goodnight dear love, goodnight.

Goodnight dear love—

The crescent moon shows the horizon o'er
And one by one the twinkling stars appear;
The white-capped waves, grand as with conscious strength,
Recede, and then with newborn force draw near
All marv'lous with a phosphorescent light—

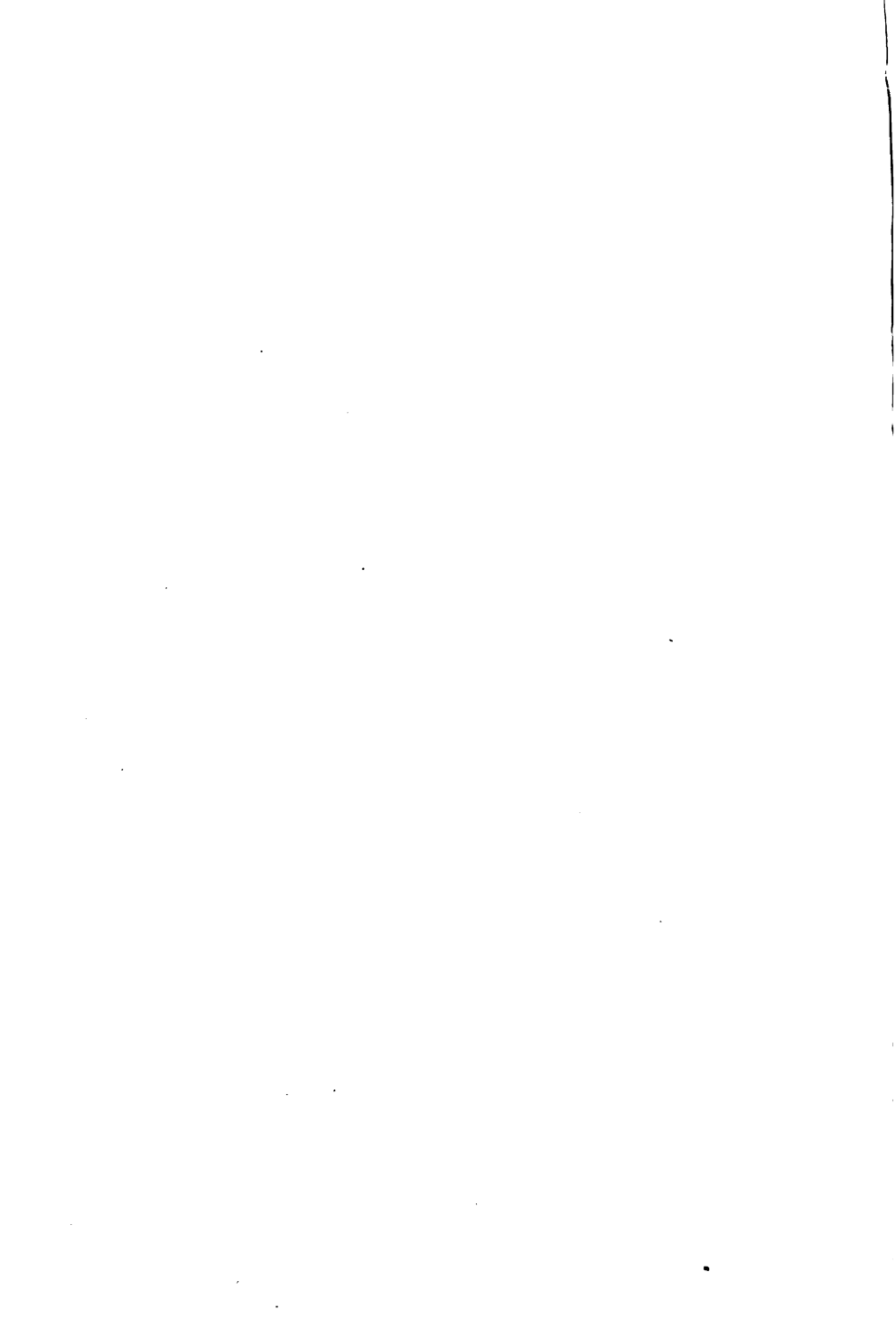
Goodnight dear love, goodnight.

Goodnight dear love—

All peaceful be thy rest when day is done;
Dreamless thy sleep beneath the starlit sky,
Or only dream of happiness and love,
Of greater joys to come than those gone by—
Be all thy dreams of peace—thy days all bright—

Goodnight dear love, goodnight.

W A R



THE MOTHER OF A SOLDIER

I've been down in the Valley of Doubt,
The abyss of frightful despair;
I've been beaten and battered and bruised and dismayed
By the demons who rendezvous there.

And they mirthlessly laughed in their glee,
Their frenzy, unholy and wild,
For my hold was unloosed on the things that had been
And the wings of my spirit defiled.

No good could I see 'neath the sun,
No sunlight on land or on sea,
For the war's desolation encompassed the earth
And had taken my heart's heart from me.

My own son, the pride of my days,
My joy and my comfort, my all;
I shook with an ague of deadliest fear
And raved when he answered the call.

Yet, strong in his faith in the cause,
And sure in his trust in the right,
He stepped 'neath the banner his forefathers knew
And girded himself for the fight.

And down in the depths of my soul
Grew a pride that I never had known,
In the well-founded courage that urged him to go—
In the man, from the boy sudden grown.

For he fights for his God and the right,
For the land that his grandsires made free,
For the starry-flecked emblem, unsullied to keep,
For the Homeland, for you and for me.

And the pride and the faith and the love,
Have swallowed the doubts and the fears;
And I glory in having a son to send forth—
God bless you, dear boy, and three cheers.

*Written on the flyleaf of a copy of
"Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," by Robert Service,
Given to Nat, when on a furlough, at home.*

Go, little book, with him I love the best,
But when he reads these tales of bloody war,
Bid him remember, Love is mightiest.

REBELLION

Our young men are going to battle—
The strongest, the bravest, the best—
The world is seething with conflict,
And valor is put to the test.

I sit at home with the papers,
Reading the news of the day—
I! who would be with the fighters
At home in the thick of the fray!

But I'm old! my years lie around me
Like last year's leaves round the tree!
And the young and strong are the chosen—
A cushioned corner for me.

I was young, and strong as tanned leather;
I've wielded the pick and the spade
Searching for golden metal
In many a western glade.

And finding it, too, by thunder!
And losing it all again,
When a raging mad-gone river
Suddenly swept the plain.

These hands so weak and so shaky
Have guided a six-horse team
Over the mountain passes—
Fording many a stream.

I was an Indian fighter
When this western land was new;
Fresh from their bloody carnage
I've fought them, and killed them, too.

Oh, God! but I'd give a fortune
To feel again in my veins
The surge that I felt when their war whoops
Sounded across the plains.

They say I'm "hale and hearty,"
I've "lived to a ripe old age"—
They lie! I'm a restless spirit
Tortured and bound in a cage.

My mind's as keen as ever—
That they acknowledge true—
My body's as weak and helpless
As that of a baby, new.

Son drives an automobile,
I mustn't touch the wheel!
It that guided the stage coach
With muscles like bands of steel!

Today, in the first flush of manhood,
A lad stood before me, clad
In the uniform of our country—
The soldier's olive drab.

Straight-limbed and strong and supple—
Clear-eyed and brave and true—
Just a red-blooded youngster—
One of our fighting crew.

They'll put in his hands a rifle—
They'll strap on a well-filled belt—
And he and a million others
Will make their presence felt.

For bright is the flag above them
To quicken each tingling nerve;
And base is the foe against them—
And their own, the land they serve.

And I would I were going with them!
I futilely rage and rebel
At the weakness that binds and holds me—
* * * God! but it's hell!

TO NAT, WITH A SILK FLAG

The starry flag for which you've offered all—
Your hands, your heart, your brain, if need your life—
Goes with you, lad, to be your guard and guide,
Friend and companion in the fearful strife.

Keep it, as your own soul, free from all stain—
Bring it, with added glow, safe home again.

SOLDIER LADDIE

You have gone, brave soldier laddie,
 To the sound of fife and drum;
Head held high and eyes a-shining,
 And we smiled though hearts were numb;
For you bore our country's flag aloft—
 The sign for which you roam—
While your sweetheart and your sister
 And your mother wait at home.

Yes, we sent you, soldier laddie,
 We were proud to have you go;
For our country needs protection
 And our strong must strike the blow;
But the waiting hours have lonesome been,
 And more are yet to come
For the sweetheart and the sister
 And the mother here at home.

You have gone, brave soldier laddie,
 But our love, your shield shall be,
Till you've conquered the dread tyrant
 In his home across the sea;
Then straight as homing pigeon
 And quickly, Boy Dear, come
To your sweetheart and your sister
 And your mother here at home.

DISCHARGED—WOUNDED IN ACTION

I've been seeing hellish things,
I've been hearing of the damned,
I've been doing things that never can be told;
I have seen Hell's inmost heart
With the devils dancing there,
And the sight has left me shaking, sick and old.

I have seen men shot to pieces
And left rotting where they lay,
With the trench rats running o'er them—and they stank!
I have seen the bloody Boches
Nail my comrade to a door
Then mock and gibe and curse him as they drank.

I've seen and heard these hellish things
And many, many more,
But I've also seen what saves the mind from wrack;
A wounded man, fair staggering,
With scarcely strength to walk,
And a quite unconscious comrade on his back.

I have seen a brave "sky-pilot"
Where 'twas not his job to be,
In a front line trench and "over" in a raid,
With a handshake and a blessing
Just when you need them most—
And we bless him when we think where he is laid.

I have seen a white-robed nurse
And a doctor, stern and sure,
Operating on a man that's nearly dead,
While the bombs were bursting near
And the men were on the run,
And the bullets whizzed at random overhead.

Yes, I've seen Hell's heart laid open —
It's a frightful, fearsome spot;
It's putrid, rotten—worse than man can tell;
But the wondrous bright light burning
In the hearts of brothers all
Is what makes us come back smiling out of Hell.

TO YOU

To you, dear boys in khaki,
And to you in sailor's blue,
Our love and trust and faith and pride—
Our hearts go out to you!
And on battle field or in peaceful camp
I'm singing my songs for you.

A CALL WENT FORTH

A call went forth, a mighty cry that circled around the world!
A haughty ruler, drunk with power, a challenge to all had hurled—
Insolent, brutal and inhumane—and the wings of peace were furled.

So the call went forth for our men to join with those of our sister lands,
To help deliver the weaker folk from out the oppressor's hands;
And they gathered them quickly from far and near—earnest, determined bands.

A cowboy fared o'er the prairie's breast and stopped as he heard the call—
A bugle loud and shrill and sweet and piercingly clear to all;
A call for help from a folk distressed, resisting a tyrant's thrall.

A banker sat at his desk and wrote in the heart of a noisy town,
When he, too, heard the call to arms and puckered his brow in a frown;
Then laid his deeds and bonds aside and pulled the desk top down.

Sweet was the smell of the upturned earth and the meadow-
lark's note was clear,
But louder sounded the nation's call in the happy plowboy's
ear;
And he dropped the plow and started east, for the nation's
cause was dear.

The staid professor faced his class, and his brain was dusty
dry;
Well-stored with dates and facts and things of how and
when and why;
But he left his students teacherless to answer the country's
cry.

Then the students rose as a single man, and their blood ran
swift and red,
They looked up where the Stars and Stripes flew bravely
overhead,
And "we are needed, we will go," was the only thing they
said.

The blacksmith left his horse unshod, the fisherman left
the sea,
The lawyer left his case untried, the lover his bride-to-be;
And the mother bade her son go forth—the stronger mother
she!

So from every place and from every walk, the middle, the
high, the low,
They've dropped the pen and dropped the plow, the yard-
stick, the book, the hoe;
And they're tramping along the broad highway that leads
to the maddened foe.

Tramping till all the country rings with the sound of their
marching feet;
At every corner, at every turn, the brothers in khaki meet;
And nothing can stay their eager steps, nor rain, nor snow,
nor sleet.

And the great wide camps where they train and drill are
swarming with boys in brown,
Each with a single purpose firm, to put all tyrants down;
To make this world a better place, and freedom our throne
and crown.

They go in search of the Holy Grail as truly as Knights of
old—
A world made free and a world made safe the aim of this
legion bold;
And their valiant deeds will forevermore by saga and bard
be told.

THE LITANY OF THE WAR-MOTHERS

Mary, Mother of God!
I, too, am a mother like you!
I, too, have borne a man-child—
A sturdy and stanch man-child—
Aye, I have borne two!

Mary, Mother of God!
I, too, have felt lips at my breast;
Tiny soft lips of the babe—
Close-clinging, dear helpless babe—
Ah! I have been blest.

Mary, Mother of God!
I have held the hands and the feet—
Smoothed back the hair on the head—
Soft baby hair, tiny head—
Oh, but it was sweet!

Mary, Mother of God!
I speak for the mothers at large!
All of us mothers of men!
Strong, valiant, daring men!
Our guerdon! Our charge!

Mary, Mother of God!
Who went down to hell with your Son,
Go now with us in our stress—
Our pitiful need and dire stress—
For our thoughts are as one.

Mary, Mother of God!
Even as you in your time,
We are sending our sons forth to save—
The whole world to rescue and save—
To a future sublime!

Mary, Mother of God!
As Christ, they have taken their cross!
Giving up all for the cause—
Offering their lives for the cause—
Our blessing—our loss.

Mary, Mother of God!
Mother heart, mother soul, mother mind!
May we, in our love for each son—
Each dearly-loved, love-worthy son—
The Christ-courage find.

Mary, Mother of God!
May we be worthy our meed;
Mothers of warriors brave—
Mothers of men just and brave—
Mothers of MEN indeed!

OLD GLORY

Yes, Boy, I will wave Old Glory—
Stand on my tiptoes and wave it—
Wave it for you!
Tho' you have gone, I am smiling,
Proudly and high, my head holding,
Waving Old Glory for you!

(Two are the sons I have given,
Noblemen, both, and my all,
Bright waves Old Glory!
They and their kind are the glory!
Glory and pride of the nation—
High waves Old Glory!)

Ye that were babes in my bosom,
Resolute men are, and dauntless,
I glory in you!
Gone, as of old the Crusaders,
To stand for the weak and defenceless—
I'm waving Old Glory for you!

High are your ideals, your courage,
High is the standard you carry,
High as Old Glory;
Loyal descendants of brave men,
Bravely their mantle you're wearing—
Long wave Old Glory!

So I am waving Old Glory—
(Blessed am I among women)
 Waving, waving Old Glory!
Sons of my flesh and my spirit,
Yours is the slogan of freedom—
 For God and Old Glory!

Extract from a letter from Nat: "I will be "over there" very, very soon, so stand on your tiptoes and wave Old Glory."

THE WEARERS OF THE GOLDEN STAR

We are Mothers of Men!
Men who are dauntless and true!
Men who have given their strong right arm,
Their hearts and their life-blood, too,
For a cause that is just and a desperate need—
To save a world from a tyrant's greed.

We are Mothers of Men!
Peerless and fearless men all!
They have fought the fight with a dastardly foe—
Now Mother Earth is their pall.
They have earned their right to a place in the sun
And men of all ages will cry "well done"!

We are Mothers of Men!
We gave them their spirits bold.
We nurtured the courage that never drew back;
We taught them honor of old.
Now, should we mourn that they sleeping are
While we wear the sign of the Golden Star?

We are Mothers of Men!
Should we grieve when honors are won?
When the High Gods call and of all the world
My Own is the Chosen Son—
Must I whimper and whine like a beaten serf
Though his dear body lies 'neath the kindly turf?

**We are Mothers of Men!
Men who are loyal and true!
Ours, for all time, is the pride and joy
Of sons who dared death, to do!
Shall we who bore them, their glory mar—
We of the rank of the Golden Star?**

RESURRECTION

July, 1918

This, Oh World, is the turning point, definite, sharp and true!

Never, Oh Rule of Monarchs, shall we go back to you.
We're giving our men in their glory, our best at the best of their lives,

Mothers, their sons beloved; and husbands of noble wives.
Giving them up and smiling, tho' the heartbeats almost cease—

We demand when this war is over, a fixed and lasting Peace!

They have gone to their crucifixion, willingly, happily gone;
But we, the waiting Marys, are straining our eyes for the dawn.

For after the crucifixion the resurrection is sure,
And we trust in a world-uprisen, forevermore to endure.
Out from this grave of warfare, awful and black as night,
Already we see arising the harbingers of Right!

Brother is turning to brother with only one thought at heart,
Building a close communion, each of the whole a part.
Bearing and sharing together, eyes on the selfsame goal—
One mighty aim in common, one the desire of each soul.
Each one daily becoming, under the spur and the rod,
Aware of his wondrous kinship to the Great Warm Heart
of God.

And we claim when this war is ended, ended *all* war must
be!

Tyranny and oppression, Monarchs and Anarchy!
Blood-lust and greed for money, arrogant strife for power—
Everything rank and unworthy must fade as the grass of an
hour.

And forth from a world united must shine the Light within,
When the blood our dearest are shedding has purged the
world of its sin.

This, Oh World, is the turning point, definite, sharp and
true!

This is the resurrection planned through the ages for you!
Up from the mire of darkness, into the Realm of Day,
Out of the dense confusion, into the Open Way.
Loyal and leal, united, brother to brother must stand,
With the whole round world for their country, and free-
dom on every hand.

THE WAITING MOTHER

What can I do?
Wait, wait!
Wait till the men come home;
Over the trackless way,
Over the Track of Time,
Over the wondrous change
That comes from more than Time!
That comes from more than Distance!
No, they will never return
Over the track they have taken.
It was made by the growth of the Soul.
Oh, Mother waiting!
Never will your boys return
As when they left you.
They are going through a forcing process
In the laboratory of the Oversoul.
Learning in a day
What has erstwhile taken a generation.
Learning the secrets of God!
Of Life and of Death
And of Life again!
They are becoming suddenly
God's understudies.
Always they will walk straighter,
Carrying their heads high;
For they have been admitted
To the council chamber of the Oversoul.
Wait, Oh Mother!
But while you wait, go forward!
A boy,—or god or man,

Still needs his mother!
But you must fit yourself
To fill his new-found needs.
For Great Soul needs Great Soul to lean on.
So, while you wait, draw from the Oversoul
All things whatsoever may be needed
By the Mother of a God!
That when the boy comes home,
Serious miened, as well befits one
Who has seen Life and Death,
But with the Boy beneath,
He will most truly
Find His Mother waiting.

MY SON

Whene'er I walk in country lanes,
Or where the masses be,
Or ride or sail or quiet sit,
One form I ever see.

He's very tall and straight and slim,
(His dark-crowned head held high),
And happy-loving-serious miened,
And keen and dark of eye.

I never wake to greet the sun,
Nor sleep at close of day,
But he is first and last beside
To cheer me on my way.

And when I'm troubled or distressed
By problems, old or new,
He looks at me and holds me close
Just as he used to do.

They tell me he was killed in France,
In Argonne's bloody fight;
I know he's living still, and still
Is living for the right.

For this dear son, beloved of God,
And of God's life a part,
Can never drift beyond the realm
Of God's own loving heart.

LIGHT VERSE



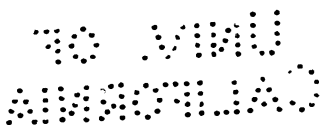
Dear Nat:—

To you and your brothers-in-arms
I am sending a cake.
Not a triumph of science at all
But the best I could make.
It's large and it's square and it's burnt
And it's gooey and sweet,
And it's broken and raggedy looking
But still good to eat.

It has caused me a deal of distress
Of both body and mind,
For I like not to bake, and especially
Cakes of this kind.
So eat it up quick and say "thank you"
And do not complain,
And I solemnly vow, that I never
Will do it again.

MOTHER.

(Sent with a cake, to my son, while on guard duty.)



THE WOMEN'S PART

They've sent our men across the sea
To fight the hated foe,
But who's to do their work at home—
That's what I'd like to know.
Who'll run the elevator?
And who will guide the plow?
I will, said pretty Betty;
I will, I'll show you how.
And I, said Jane and Mollie,
And Lena, Maude and Sue,
And each one donned the overalls,
And each one *did it*, too.
The crops were grown and gathered,
The shops were run first class,
The autos nicely chauffered,
Each conductor was a lass.
Each time a man was needed
To stand behind a gun,
Some woman filled his place at home
And kept things on the run.
And never shirked nor whimpered,
But hardy grew, and strong,
And glad to help to put the foe
Where all such foes belong.
But when the men come home again
With banners flying free,
With Peace assured to all mankind
To clinch our victory,

How quickly back from overalls
To skirts they all will go;
How willingly they will exchange
The fireside for the hoe.

A PERFECT DAY

The day is as perfect as childhood—
The sky is a cloudless blue.
Sweet odors are filling the wildwood—
And blossoms of every hue.

The birds are all carolling madly
Each to his own mate and true—
Which only reminds me how badly
I want just you!

BY A HAIR

A little streak of grey
Is a tragedy, I say,
When it mingles with the glossy tresses, brown or gold or
red;
In braid or coil or puff,
In shining strand or fluff,
That woman builds so weirdly upon her lovely head.

Oh, many a manly brain
Has been muddled by the same,—
For these most mysterious twistings are invented all for him;
Red or gold or black or brown,
Every hair upon her crown,
Is a magnet strong that answers to her every changing
whim.

But sometime comes a day
She discovers streaks of grey,
And by that token knows that youth has fled;
And first she weeps and frets,
And then—quite spunky gets,
And vows she'll hold him still "by every hair upon her
head."

I RESOLVE

If good resolutions were money,
Oh my! what a rich man I'd be!
I can't help but think it is funny
Good resolves come so easy to me.

For I never, no never, fulfil them,
'Twould be a surprise and a shock
If just one good resolution
Should blossom out into a flock;

And they in their turn into "doing,"—
I'm afraid I should strut and grow proud,
And think I was a wider swath hewing
Than anyone else in the crowd.

These rambling remarks, few and simple,
Are induced by the thought of a plan
Which last Monday morning seemed ample,
And last Monday eve I began;

Resolving (the crux of the matter),
To carry it through all the week;
Here's Wednesday in spite of my chatter,—
And my plan is already a "freak."

SPRING SONG

When my lady goeth shopping in the Spring,
Her mind's eye pictures many a wondrous thing—
 Dainty things of silk and lace,
 With the Spring's own witching grace,
Like the petals Springtime's blossoms flaunt and fling.

When my lady goeth shopping in the Spring,
Oh, her heart is like a bird upon the wing,
 She will borrow from the sky,
 Bluest blue where cloudlets fly,
To fashion many a fascinating thing.

When my lady goeth shopping in the Spring,
To her need the careless butterfly she'll bring,
 Many hued or monotone,
 She will take them for her own,
And she'll glorify what beauties climb and cling.

When my lady goeth shopping in the Spring,
She commandeers the birds that soar and sing,
 Red of robin, blue of jay,
 All are hers that blithesome day,
E'en the humble bumblebee would lose its sting.

When my lady goeth shopping in the Spring,
Her pathway is a dreamy, mystic thing,
 All about is winsome fair,
 On the earth or in the air,
She's enchanted, she's bewitched by everything.

Oh, how the season's charm our senses swing!
And makes the grey old earth with gladness ring,
 But the gladdest thing I know,
 With the Spring itself aglow,
Is my lady going shopping in the Spring.

PRESERVED GINGER

I would write a verse to thank you
If my pen would travel right;
I'd tell you how I've gorged myself
Upon this sweet delight.

How I've scorched my mouth with eating
Of this hot and fiery sweet;
How I've still kept on a-eating—
For, by ginger, it's a treat.

But 'twould be in vain to try to,
For I'm wobbly from the same,
And the little jar from China
And its giver are to blame.

THE CLUB MEETING

'Twas a crowd of women keen,
Not a man was to be seen,
And every one was togged out in her best;
Each one wore a learned look,
And a smile and a notebook,
And each hoped she made impression on the rest.

The chairman, she was fat,
Roly poly and all that,
And her hair and dress and shoes demurely grey;
And she did things up in style,—
Had her own way for a while,—
But really 'twas a pleasant, friendly way.

Then she introduced a friend,
With an hour or two to spend,
Who wisely talked of governments and law;
And of what some folks would do,
And of what they would put through,
When they got a chance!—Oh pish, and likewise pshaw!

This lady had a cold,
(She wasn't very old),
And you couldn't tell how she was going to speak;
Her voice went high and low
And all ways it *could* go,
And every little while it gave a squeak.

At last she said no more,
And we clapped and said "encore"—
The little things polite we always do;
And she hustled on her wraps,
And took her books and traps,
And nodded all around and said "adieu."

Then in a little while,
With a weirdly mystic smile,
Another lady started in to read
A poem by Tagore,
Who's a genius—nothing more,
And nothing less—but very wise indeed.

In a Theosophic way,
She undertook to say,
To us poor benighted heathen who were there;
That the story that she read
Didn't mean a thing it said,—
And its meaning she proceeded to lay bare.

She read it line by line,
(And her voice was really fine),
She explained each line in words of letters three;
In accents soft and mild,
Suited to the youngest child,—
Why, she even made it very clear to me.

But I'm going over now,
To the Library, I vow,
And I'll borrow Tagore's book this very day;
And I'll read it page by page,—
Every word of the good sage,
Then I'll know first hand what he may have to say.

AT THE PLUNGE

Today I went to see the ladies swim,
And interview the teacher—just a whim—
I thought I'd like to be a mermaid, too,—
A pretty sight I'd be for folks to view!
In one-piece suit that's neither long nor wide,
And where it covers will not shield nor hide.
But still the water is a goodly friend,
And in its depths I could at will descend.
But as for coming up—"Aye, there's the rub",
And I should find the "Plunge" a good-sized tub.
Still, after all, there is a teacher man,
And if I will but try I know I can
Learn how to throw my arms and legs about
With just the motions right to make me float;
To dive, and quickly move from shore to shore,
As fishes do and water-folk galore.
Then I should soon forget my nude estate,
Till criticized by friends affectionate.
These, I with mien serene and water-wise,
Would scan contemptuously, and then advise
They go and strip and come again and try
If swimming they could do as well as I.

A PAIR OF BOOK ENDS

The old friar sits and tell his beads—
I go and come—he never heeds.

I work here—busy as can be—
He never even looks at me.

I talk to him, confession-wise,
I cannot make him lift his eyes.

Just opposite the one with beads
A brother friar sits and reads.

A silent pair of devotees,
Two stolid friends of mine are these.

And they between them firmly hold
The books I value more than gold.

All day, all night their watch they keep,
They read and pray and never sleep.

I value much these friends of mine,
They neither argue nor repine.

So we're good comrades, as you see;
These pious monks, my books and me.

WHEN IT RAINS IN CALIFORNIA IN MAY

Not a trace of smiling sun
Only huge clouds, grey and dun,
 Hide our sapphire sky throughout the livelong day;
And we sputter and we fret
At the chilliness and wet,
 When it rains in California in May.

Oh, we do not mind a shower
By the day or by the hour,
 If it happen in December to occur;
And in April we may smile
If it rain a little while,
 And in March we never enter a demur.

But in May 'tis not our plan,
We are peevish to a man
 When the sun is coy and raindrops patter down;
Every merchant in the place
Wears a frown upon his face,
 And a spirit of resentment rules the town.

Now a dull and dreary pall
Shrouds the tourists, one and all,
 And they chatter in a most abusive way;
For they've sadly been deceived,
And they're hurt and sore and grieved,
 When it rains in California in May.

Then the farmer folk come in
With their faces all a-grin,
For their crops are being watered free of charge;
And complacently they view,
Through the damp air's dismal hue,
The raindrops falling fast and round and large.

Oh, this southern land is dear,
Winter, summer, all the year,
In our hearts it holds the highest place alway;
'Tis of earth the fairest spot,
But we'd really rather not
Have it rain in California in May.

BLUE DEVILS

The devils are blue and green and red,
And striped and speckled and brown;
They scamper across my pillow at night,
They stay close beside through the broad daylight,
Their look is a curse and their touch is a blight;
They pummel and pinch me and prod me sore,
They snicker and giggle and frown.

Then someone smiles and the sky grows blue,
The birds begin singing like mad;
The devils take fright and scamper away
And never come back all the livelong day,
They hasten their going and go to stay;
The world goes serenely on once more
And I sing, for my heart is glad.

A VALENTINE

In childhood days, so long ago,
No greater joy our hearts could know,
In chilly February's time,
Than to receive a valentine.

An airy, lacy valentine,
With motto sweet, "Will you be mine?"
With cupids' faces, and love darts,
And posies gay and bleeding hearts.

Could anything bring greater joy
To us, the older girl and boy,
Than those sweet words, "My love is thine,"
Writ straight across a valentine?

Ah Love! we're children still, although
One head is grey, and one—you know!
And no words sweeter are today
Than those a valentine may say.

So Love, I'm sending this to you
To tell you things both sweet and true,
And show you, plain as verses may,
Today's as fair as yesterday.

But valentines don't half express
The love that's come to cheer and bless;
Read your own heart, if you would know
How great a love my heart doth show.

EBELL CLUB

We're a literary crew-ew-ew—
We travel and we're Economic, too;
 We criticise the "drammer"
 And mercifully hammer
Everything in books that's old or new.

But in French is where we sh-i-ine
We parley vous in piquant prose and rhyme;
 We're familiar with Beethoven
 Strause and Reginald de Koven—
And breathe and gesture all in tune and time.

We are certainly a busy, happy bunch
When we work and when we talk and when we lunch;
 And with other things put by
 How our knitting needles fly!
Everything we undertake acquires a punch.

So we recommend the Ebell club to you
If you're looking for a lot of things to do;
 Whether it is play or work
 We will see you do not shirk,
And we think you'll find us entertaining, too.

MY CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOU

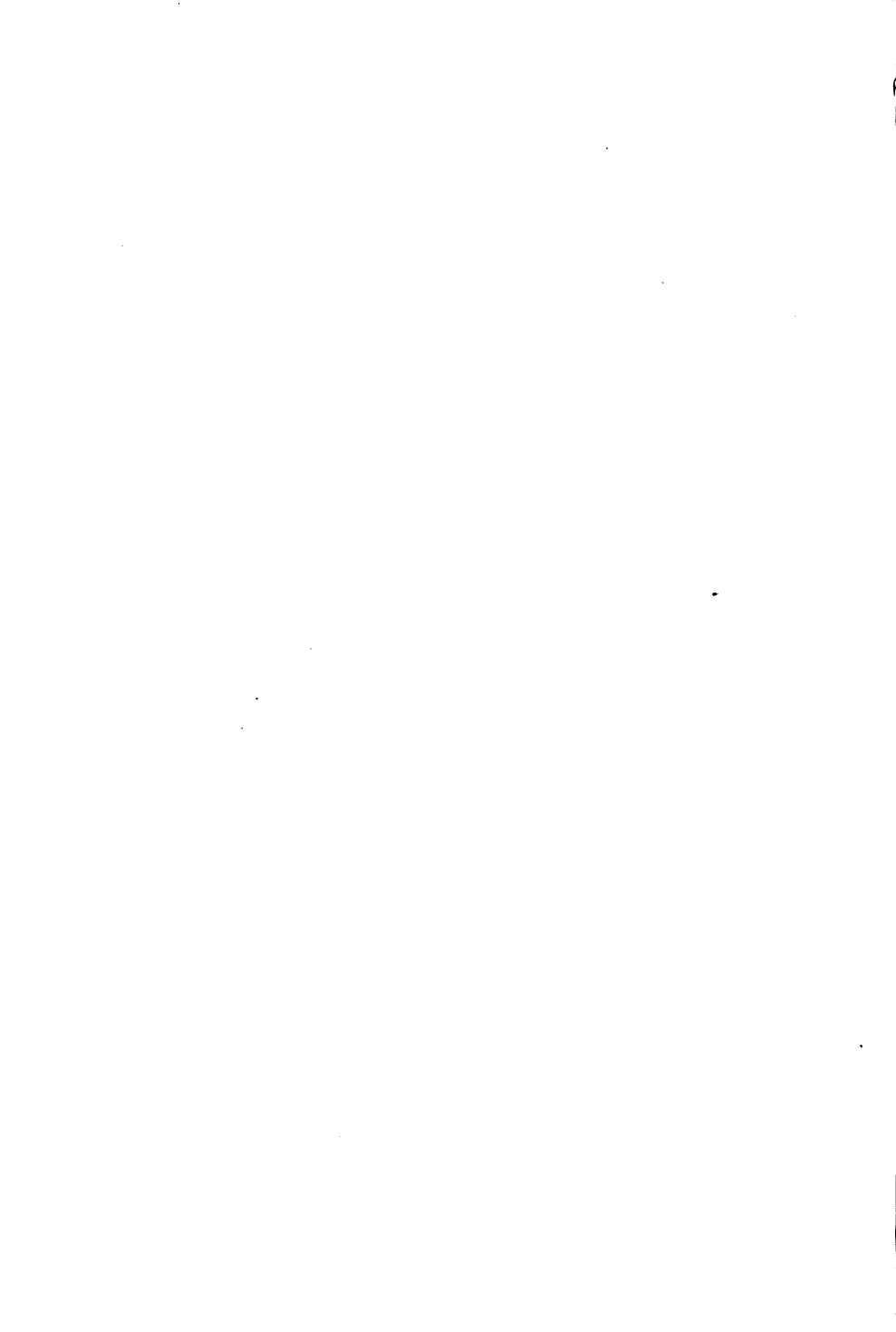
No well-filled purse is mine, dear heart,
To purchase volumes rare
Or I would send to you this day
Full many a tome of verses gay
 To drive away dull care.

And I would add to these, dear heart,
Books by some sage of old,
His wisdom keen and subtle wit
Expressed in words both fine and fit
 In flowing measures told.

And all these books should be, dear heart,
In finest dress arrayed,
In clearest print, on paper fine,
With illustrations for each line,
 And all by artists made.

But these things may not be, dear heart,
My ducats are so few,
So I will sing a melody
Of Christmas joy, all happily,
This from a loving heart shall be
 My Christmas gift to you.

MISCELLANEOUS



MATINS

Thanks for the morning!
 Daylight just dawning!
Pale grey sky that grows to rosy red;
Birds joyous singing
 Starts echoes ringing—
Every flower lifts up a sleepy head;
And the long hours stretch before me—
 One whole day!
To fill with love and work—
 To watch and pray.

DECISION

In spite of all that friend or foe may do—
In steadfastness and loyalty and love—
I will go on.

Seeking alone for that to me seems true,
Doing alone that my own soul approve,
Nor adverse comment shall my purpose move—
I will go on!

Too long by doubt and indecision stirred,
Too long a traitor to myself I've been,
Now I go on!
For now at last my courage disinterred
Has mustered all my sleeping force within
And ordered it to dare and do and win—
Now I go on.

To do the little tasks of every day
As I would do them of my own free will
I will go on!
And for the greater questions, held at bay,
Decide, and hold to my decision still
In face of threat from foe or friendship's grill,
I will go on!

My soul be strong! give not, howe'er the fray!
And Courage ever stand alert on guard
To lead me on!
All doubts and fears to rout and hold at bay—
My problems all to master, howe'er hard—
To live with faith in self henceforth unmarred—
So I go on!

FREE!

Free! free! yes, I am free today!
Free to live, to love and to pray—
To express my soul in my soul's own way.

Oh waves! Oh winds! I am one with you,
A sweet communion thrills me through—
Oh winds! Oh waves! Oh sky so blue!

God of all good! 'twas never meant
One life should be for another's spent—
One soul in bondage forever pent.

Free! free! I look to the farthest horizon line,
The world is aglow with the summer shine,
And all the whole wide world is mine!

Mine to taste, to hear and to see,
To enjoy with a free soul's ecstasy—
To love and to share in its harmony.

Oh crested peak, 'gainst the sapphire sky!
The eagle that builds on your crag most high
Feels the thrill of freedom no more than I.

And the rhythmic surge of her mighty wings
Beats time to the song my spirit sings,
And the song is of peace and the power it brings.

THE LONE SEA GULL

Ah! lonely gull, against the dull grey sky,
Your broad, strong wings bear you both safe and high,
With straining eyes I watch you flying free,
And feel with you a bond of sympathy.

I, too, have flown forth, fearless, unafraid,
Against the grey sky criticism made,
And felt the chill winds beating back my wings,
And known both greater blows and lesser stings.

Yet up and ever up I rose serene,
Till the grey clouds as barriers lay between
My soul, and every earthly friend and foe,
Save only those who know the realms I know.

Those who, like me, would die to breathe the air
Reeking of earth and ringing with its blare;
But needs must strive and strive and soar afar,
Still blindly seeking for some guiding star.

Till first a rift, and then the blue shone clear,
And star on star gleamed nearer and more near—
Ah! lonely gull! I, too, still soar alone,
Yet love the flight—my wings are stronger grown.

TO NAT, ON HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY,
NOVEMBER 8, 1919

As other birthdays come and go
To add to this the toll of years,
May life for you full-flooded flow,
Yet bearing more of smiles than tears.

I would not wish you quiet ease,
An even keel and endless calm;
The zest of life is more than these,
It is adventure, work, alarm,

And love and poise and peace of mind,—
Of each, to you, a goodly share;
For who would choose a southern wind
The only motion of the air?

Full soon we tire and restless grow,
When life moves on with changeless face;
We glory in a fitting foe,
And stronger are for every race.

But every race I'd have you win,
Of every foe the victor be;
Yet making, when the fight is won,
A friend of every enemy.

Then, *Salutamus*, traveller
Along the path all great souls tread;
Through every chance, your guiding star
Shall beam serenely overhead.

This was written and sent overseas, but never received by "Sergeant Nat." When the birthday came, the boy had been dead one month.

OCTOBER 1, 1918

Lawrance, I would write for you,
On this day of days,
Wondrous verses, telling you
In a thousand ways

That I'm glad you came to earth,
That I'm glad you stayed;
That I'm glad you're as you are—
Calm and unafraid.

And I'm glad Old Father Time
Gently deals with you;
That you've past mid-century
Surely can't be true.

Still the birthdays come apace,
(One a year, or so.)
Here's to this one—your good health!
May you *never* go!

Would that I could write for you,
Verses wondrous rare;
These are weighed and weighted down,
For my love they bear.

GOOD CHEER

The unexpectedness of things
Is what gets me!
The clear, shrill note a robin sings
All suddenly!
Just when you're feelin' dismal blue
And all the world seems dismal, too.

Or when you start in the mornin'
With a grouch—clear down to the ground;
Of a sudden somethin' flashes by
Like a piece of blue sky
Torn loose and flyin' around.
And somehow the song of the robin
And the flash of the bluebird's wing
Seem to brighten all about you,
And the whole world seems to sing.

BILLY-BOY-BLUE

Billy-boy-blue I called you
When only a little tad—
Still my Billy-boy-blue you were
As you grew to a sturdy lad.

Now you've a man's full stature,
Strong and straight and tall;
Still in my heart's recesses
For my Billy-boy-blue I call.

For quick the years move onward,
We grow and change and grow,
But a boy is always a little tad
In his mother's heart, you know.

Thrice blessings on your birthday,
And blessings unending for you,
Full measure of strong wise manhood
Be yours, my Billy-boy-blue.

TWO CUPIDS

Two cupids live on my parlor wall
 Inside of a frame of gold;
All the livelong day
 They do naught but play,
And they'll never, never grow old.

No clothes they wear,
 But the curly hair
Of one is the darkest brown;
 The other, I ween,
 Has a golden sheen,
That glints from his tousled crown.

They lie, I think,
 On a fountain's brink,
With never a thought of fear;
 And reach down so
 With a broken bow,
To dabble the water clear.

Ah, little love-boys,
 With your baby joys,
My boy has gone away;
 He has dark brown hair
 Like that you wear,
You little winged fay.

He has left his babyhood far behind,
 And grown to a soldier tall;
And I must wait,
 Alone with fate
And the cupids upon the wall.

TWILIGHT-TIME

When night lets down its silver veils
About the hills, across the lea,
Then silently a well-known form
Stretches out loving arms to me.

When slowly fades the rose and gold
That erstwhile stained the western sky;
When moves the wind among the leaves
Like the faint memory of a sigh;

When happily the little child
Climbs into Mother's arms to rest,
And Mother pillows sleepy head
And wonders which is happiest;

When deep and deeper shadows fall,
And softly outlines pale and fade—
A voice that's stilled a little while
Sounds clearly through the dark'ning shade.

Oh, well-loved form! Oh, loving voice!
You reach my heart through time and space,
And fold me in a spell of peace,
And fill the world with Heaven's grace.

LONGING

If I follow the whirring of wings
As the eagle takes flight,
Shall I find the far land of the soul
Where as day is the night?

If I follow the rise and the fall
Of the gull o'er the sea,
Shall I fathom the source and the goal
Of all fond memory?

If I follow yet farther and far
With a bellowing sail,
Begirded with sunlight and dew
Or with maddening gale,

To the mystical line of the sky
Then over and on,
Shall I find the far country I seek
Where my loved one has gone?

WHITE MAGIC

Am I asleep and dreaming
Or have I wandered far,
Through the magic Fourth Dimension,
To find that past days are?

I followed all directions—
But the moon was low and round,
And yellow like soft copper—
Have I the pathway found

That leads one back to ages
When they walked with stately step,
In flowered silks and satins
Through the dainty Minuet?

First, lifting bold the knocker,
The door flew open wide,
And I stepped backward through the years
In just one little stride.

Soft light from old-time sconces
Shone radiantly and fair,
And echoed back a hundredfold
From every surface there.

From wondrous gate-legged table,
Sideboard of Sheraton,
From quaint old sofa, fire-screen,
And all it shone upon.

I stepped across a braided rug,
Beneath a chandelier,
With swinging lustres, shining bright,
And candles burning clear.

'Twas plain that Mistress Abigail
Not long had left the place,
For o'er her sewing table lay
A dainty piece of lace.

The sewing table, one of those
We used to dote upon
When Hepplewhite created them,
Adams or Sheraton.

Then up the graceful, curving stairs —
With slender rails they led
To where in solemn grandeur, stood
Our Grandsire's four-post bed.

With bedside stools on either hand,
And wondrous quilt spread o'er—
The patient work of dames who lived
A century gone, or more.

Ah, would that you might speak, Old Bed,
What thrilling tales you'd tell
Of birth and death and nights of joy,
And weary nights, as well.

A slender sofa, Empire style,
Accepts its meed of praise;
An old-time desk and bureaus quaint,
And chairs of other days.

And dignity and quiet rest,
And warmth and love and home,
Exhale from every nook and turn,
From every scone and tome.

Am I asleep and dreaming,
Or is this real, today?
Did that low yellow moon I saw
Shed magic on my way?

Or may I come again and lift
That knocker on the door,
And find again this brooding sense
Of well-loved days of yore?

NOTE:—The above was written after visiting the colonial home
of General and Mrs. F. H. Case, Los Angeles, Calif.

MARGARET SPEAKS

One day I made a bargain with my Lord,
I asked Him for a baby, who should be
My very own, part of my very flesh,
And of that man, dearer than all to me.

And I agreed to love and tend that babe,
And teach it all that men hold good and true;
And Oh! what wealth of love I held in store!
What untold hoard of feelings, deep and new!

And soon the sweet annunciation came,
My wish was granted, my deep heart's desire;
Mine was to be the crown of Motherhood,
Its joys and sorrows, pain and love entire.

Then jealously, my body I held pure
From soil or taint, or any hurt or ill,
That so more fitted it might be to hold
The tiny form within, so warm and still.

And so I kept my mind, as best I might,
Quietly trustful, free from troublous thought;
That the wee baby mind might grow serene
With peace and love and great ambition fraught.
And greater yet, my soul must hold its own
Above the common things of every day;
Sweetly and purely bearing that new soul
Above things gross, as guardian angels may.

And whilst I waited, happily I wrought
To fashion tiny garments, sheer and fine;
And trimmed with skillful broideries and lace,
All dainty things to clothe this babe of mine.

And He-my-heart-loves-well, brought home one day
A cunning basket-bed, the which I lined
With downy stuff, all pink and white and warm—
The softest and the fairest I could find.

And so the months passed noiselessly and fleet,
And came the time when I should see my own;
Should see the tiny head and feet and hands
That pressed against my heart I long had known.

And Lo! my Lord had double blessings sent!
Not one sweet babe alone had come to me,
But with my bright-eyed Peggy-girl, there was
A sturdy boy to keep her company.

So am I blest; my babes have grown apace;
Sweet laughing Peggy, quick as bird on wing;
And Don, wide-eyed and serious and dear,
With elder brother ways in everything.

And so, Dear Lord, I thank Thee for the twain;
For all the love and joy and sorrow, too;
For each is needed to complete the plan,
Each in its place helps make the picture true.

And mine the glory is of Motherhood,
No greater honor in this world can be;
The Trinity is found again in us—
The man I love, my babies dear and me.

RICE CAKES

I ate a rice cake, and I dreamed a dream;
I saw a curving bridge—a baby stream;
A gaudy peacock, stalking in the sun—
A soft-voiced maid, in dress of old Nippon;
An avenue before with walls of green,
And happy people strolling down between;
A tiny teahouse, and quaint gnarly trees,
And fleecy cloudlets scudding in the breeze;
And there were rice cakes, thin and crisp and curved,
Upon a polished wooden platter served;
And there was fragrant tea, in cups of blue;
And 'cross the bamboo table—there was you!

WE BUILT A BOOK

We built a book!
The sun and wind and dew
 All helped to make it.
The sea, in storm or calm,
 Was a great part of it.
The boundless wind-swept plains
And the mountain's crest, snow-covered,
And the violets and the poppies and the rose,
 All were my partners in the making of my book.
And the loving, soft caresses of a friend,
And the stimulus of greater minds than mine,
And the sweet words of praise from less,
 All helped to make the book.
And sound, restful sleep o' nights,
And fresh uprising with the morning light;
The trivial round of common daily tasks,
The intercourse with friend and kin,
The faith and honor of my comrade son;
The play of little children in the streets,
The music of an organ, touched by master hands,
And the sweet singing of a wondrous voice;
The strong north wind, from desert places blown,
The silences of a still summer night,
The gathering of clouds before a storm,
 All helped to make my book
 And all are part of it.
And when at length they all were gathered up,
I called on one whose pencil was inspired
To make a picture of some few of these
To put upon the cover of my book.

And then I sought a man whose artist brain
Makes of his presses and his types, his slaves,
Obedient to do the thing he would.
Together we chose paper of the best,
Fine woven, softly tinted, even toned,
And letters, curious-shaped and clear to see,
 And so we built the book,—
Which came forth from the little dingy shop,
A thing of beauty, chaste and well designed,
And filled with Nature's essence
 And with love.

GRIEVE NOT

Grieve not, Dear Heart, for her you've laid away;
Weep not because the loving eyes so dear,
Have closed upon this changeful earthly day,
(Who knows how close her spirit hovers near?)

But rather think of every dear caress,
Each loving word and tender act of her,
As fragrant memories, that comfort you, and bless,
Lasting and sweet as incense, rose and myrrh.

For such a spirit, pure and undefiled,
Lives on, and loves but more when fetter free;
So smile, Dear Heart, remembering how she smiled,
Remembering how she loved, more loving be.

THE CALL

Before there were Kings in Babylon,
Before there was any sea,
Or ever the earth had size or form—
When the Winds of the Gods ranged free;
It was writ on Destiny's pages—
A deep-graven, changeless decree—
That out of the myriad egos
One tiny speck should be me.
And just as unchanging and certain,
And not to be brooked nor defied,
Is the fiat that bids me to wander
At the call of the wind or the tide.

It may come from the east or the westward,
It may follow the curlew's flight;
It may come on the wings of the morning,
Or out of the blackest night;
It may come on the breath of the blizzard
Or the scent of the summer's bloom,
With promise of sweet adventure
Or threat of impending doom.
But come as it may, or whenever,
In solitude, frolic or mart—
I hear it, and thrill at the summons
From the Gods of the Restless Heart.

There are big things doing to eastward!
Mars is ablaze in the sky!
I have heard the clarion calling—
Heard, and unheeded the cry.

But I strain like a ship at mooring,
For I'm held by a thousand strings—
Friends, and the force of habit,
And the need for clothes and things.
And for these I am selling my birthright—
For my part it is to go!
To go and be in at the doing!
It was written by Fate—and I know!

Before there were Kings in Babylon—
Before there was any sea—
The woof was laid and the pattern made
And the spell was cast upon me;
And when I am called I wander—
Or I chafe at the ties that bind
Till the heart grows bitter within me,
For it is the call of my kind.
And after all kings are buried,
And after all tears are dried,
I shall go,—or grieve at the staying,
When called by the wind or the tide.

THE WEAVER

I am a weaver of thoughts,
Sitting all day in the sun;
And my loom is never still,
And my work is never done.

Weaving the happy thoughts that flow,
Into a melody;
Out of the ether ever so high,
Up from the grasses and down from the sky;
Out of the blossoms or west wind's sigh—

Weaving,

Weaving,

Weaving pictures that gleam and glow
Of beautiful things to be.

Weaving the songs of happy birds
Into a lullaby;
Baby birds are snug in their nest,
Hush, little darling, rest, dear, rest;
The sun has dropped o'er the mountain's crest;

Weaving,

Weaving,

Weaving the music into the words
And laughter out of a sigh.

Weaving the soft embrace of a child,
Into a song of joy;
Little arms clinging like tendrils tight,
Little face glowing with love and with light,
Little form throbbing with happiness bright;

Weaving,
Weaving,
Memories linger of pleasures so mild,
Pleasures without alloy.

Weaving the firm handclasp of a friend
Into a thing of cheer;
Into a song, inspiring and new,
Into a keynote that ever rings true,
Warming the heartsprings and thrilling us through

Weaving,
Weaving,
Weaving a measure that has not an end
Comradeship, precious and dear.

Weaving the golden threads of the past
Into a cloth-of-gold;
To clothe the future, dim and grey,
And make it glow in a radiant way,
And beckon us onward with spirits gay;

Weaving,
Weaving,
Weaving things that will surely last
Till the sun and stars are old.

Still would I choose to be
A weaver of thoughts in the sun;
With a loom that is never still,
And work that is never done.

THE WEB

I'm weaving my web in the sun,
My web of beautiful thoughts,
I've planned it well and shaped it true—
A thing of beauty, through and through;
And it won't be finished till life is done—
My beautiful web of thought.

I watch it glisten and gleam,
With myriad colors ashine;
Catching the sparkle, straight from the air,
Holding the dewdrop, pure and fair—
Through it the vision of ages stream—
This beautiful web of mine.

A singing bird hovered today—
I caught him and let him fly;
But into my web I weave his song,
And his bright wings, flashing all the day long;
And I sing as I weave, and swing and sway,
And the sunny hours go by.

Soldier lads, straight and strong and tall,
My babies of long ago,
Are the warp and woof of my web of thought,
In intricate pattern their part is wrought,
With the hue of the rose and the wild-bird's call
And big rugged trees, I know.

The big tree dropped me a leaf,
The wild waves brought me a shell,—
I've woven them into my web of dreams

With the cresses growing in silver streams;
With the shining spray on a coral reef,
And the columbine's green bell.

A dear friend gave me a rose,
A rose bejeweled with dew;
I spun my web round the friend's true heart,
Binding it surely with loving art;
With lines of poesy and rhythmic prose—
For friends are precious and few.

The thought of those who have passed
Is twined into beautiful strands
With the haunting fragrance of heliotrope,
And a patch of blue, the color of hope;
With tiny forget-me-nots closely massed,
And music of far-off lands.

Lately I've caught from on high—
From the place where bright courage is born—
A keen desire and an impulse new,
And I've woven them in with the will-to-do—
With the pink and gold of the sunset sky
And the grey and rose of the dawn.

Ah, this beautiful web of mine!
It glints and gleams in the sun;
Everything beautiful, everything true,
I twist it and twine it and weave it anew,
Laughter and moonshine and honey and dew—
And it won't be finished till aftershine,
When my life itself is done.

MILESTONES

The little babe climbs into Life's machine,
Which slowly moves through vales and meadows green,
And bye and bye, a milestone white appears—
The babe leans over to the chauffeur's ears—
"Good Father Time, say, what was that we passed?"
"That, Son, 's your first birthday; you're growing fast."
Still on they move, right gently o'er the grass,
And kindly friends wave to him as they pass;
Each buttercup and daisy nods its head
In friendly fashion, while the song-birds shed
Showers of melody, full-throated happy song,
And soon another milestone slips along.
And soon the babe looks forward with delight
To greet the white stones, harbingers so bright
Of the one day wherein he's king of all,
And showers of pretty trinkets on him fall;
And love of all of those who love him best
Is more perceived and openly exprest.
Long spaces lie between them in those days,
Life's car moves slowly through the childish ways;
And later, even, in the Land of Youth,
The pace is irksome to the lad, forsooth;
The youth, impatient, fain would urge Time on
To quicker reach the land he's viewed anon.
But ever on the wheel is Time's firm hand,
And none can change the pace nor him command.
Until at length the youth, now older grown,
Sudden perceives the miles have faster flown.
The country's just as shining in the sun,
The mating birds sing sweetly as they've done,

The flowers nod in just as friendly style,
The guardian trees are guardians all the while;
But Time has put on speed, the road slips by
In swifter fashion, he can scarce descry
The friendly faces and the waving hands,
Scarce see the height wheron his true love stands;
And swifter still the milestones mark the course,
He fain would stay the car's terrific force;
"Kind Father Time, why hasten so along?
I scarce could catch a note of that bird's song;
I'd like to gather flowers by the way—
Don't hurry so, Old Time, but stay, Oh, stay!"
Old Time is deaf and never turns his head,
But steers straight on with ever-quickening tread.
Time's passengers, each one, we know; we know!
Only too well how swift the milestones go;
How short the day, how brief the years' swift flight
We gather as we may the flowers bright;
We catch the songs in passing, and we thrill
At glimpse of those we love who love us still.
Aye, whatsoe'er the pace or what the road
Love still is ours and we are Love's abode;
Good Chauffeur Time, drive on! and choose the way!
I am content, so Love doth with me stay.

THE ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS

Across the gulf of circumstance
Through blinding sun or darkest night;
I stand alert and looking out
Toward where there glows my guiding light;
And stretch my empty, longing hands
To him, the One-who-understands.

Upon the other shore he stands
With hands and arms stretched out to me—
My eyes are aching with desire
To see him whom I most would see;
My loving thoughts are binding strands
For him, the One-who-understands.

Some day kind Fate may build a bridge
Between my other self and me,
And midway he and I will meet
Far o'er Eternity's wide sea;
And evermore shall clasp our hands—
I and the One-who-understands.

TO FRANCIS HELEN DAVIS

Roses and lilies and violets sweet,
All things fair I would lay at your feet;
Note of the bluebird, soft and low,
Sweet-scented breezes that gently blow;
Laughter of children and song of youth,
Old age memories sweet, forsooth;
Beautiful pictures of sea and stream,
And widespread meadows of gold and green;
Friendship of lover and love of friend,
Truth and loyalty without end;
These, dear friend, are but symbols bright,
Of all things good that are yours by right;
Yours, who would ever give and give
With open hand to all that live,
Love without measure and counsel sweet,
Sister's or brother's need to meet—
Ever for others compassion-stirred—
My Sister-of-Mercy, my hermit bird.

FRIENDS

As birds go north or south with seasons' change,
Seeking the home that with them most accords,
So roams my restless spirit here and yon
In search of realm that greatest peace affords.

And finds it sometimes here and sometimes there,
With teaching of old sage or modern seer;
Living with rugged Whitman for a space,
And erstwhile with the gentle bard Lanier.

Eating the feast of wisdom spread by men
Who long ago have lived and long since died;
But passing on, left for all coming years,
Thoughts that have ever time and change defied.

Or with the many mighty minds today
Who still pour knowledge forth in tale and song,
I steep my soul in wondrous thoughts, well told,
Wandering at ease among the goodly throng.

But ever coming back to one or two
Who have ofttimes brought hope and comfort near;
Sweet-counselling Emerson and David's song—
"The Lord, my shepherd is, I have no fear."

Dear friends for every day and every mood,
A world of debt to those who wrote, I owe;
May word of mine, some smallest part repay,
And to the world send forth a cheering glow.

FAIRIES

My room is full of fairy folk
All dancing round with glee;
Of course I cannot see them well—
Perhaps they can't see me.

But they are here and here am I,
We're friends the whole day long,
And when I'm happy then they sing
A hearty, cheery song.

I hear them—Oh, I surely do—
The house rings with their joy;
But when I look they run and hide,
They're very shy and coy.

And when I weep and dismal feel
The house is full of gloom;
I never hear a dancing step
Or song in any room.

They follow me around all day—
They sleep with me at night—
I'm sure they copy all I do
And I don't think that's right.

I wish they'd change around a bit
And sing when I feel sad;
But I'd not like to hear them weep
When I was feeling glad.

I'd like to always hear them laugh
And dance and sing to me,
So I suppose I'll have to try
To always happy be.

TRANSFORMATION

Was it I was weeping this morning,
For the touch of a friendly hand?
For eyes to look with love into mine,
And signal, "I understand"?

Why, now the day is all glory!
My spirits high holiday keep!
The sun shines and "God's in His Heaven,"
My eyes have forgot how to weep.

A bird's song that bubbled with gladness!
And straightway the world was ashine!
For a love-message came on the music,
From the heart of God into mine.

LULLABY LAND

Oh, I love to slide down the Milky Way
On a summer night, when the moon hangs low,
And Mother is singing a lullaby song,
Happy and sweet and soft and slow.

Or I swing from the end of the silver moon
That hasn't grown up but is young and slim,
And the man who lives there smiles at me,
And I kind o' wink and smile back at him.

I am always sleepy and happy and still
When I play with the stars and Mother sings,
And sometimes the angels peek through a cloud
And I see the down on their soft white wings.

And the twinkling stars and Mother's song,
And the Milky Way and the moon man's smile
And the angels' wings get blurry and dim,
And then,—it's day in a little while.

BROTHERS

Billy-boy-blue and Sunny-boy—

Two little lads at play;

Two little tousled-haired fellows—

Both of them mine that day.

Back to that long-ago season,

Down through the aisles of time,

Memory wanders seeking

Those little lads of mine.

One's eyes as blue as the heavens—

One's as brown as could be;

One dark head and one light one—

Both of them dear to me.

What's become of my babies?

How did they chance to stray?

Both have grown to manhood—

Both of them mine this day.

Six-foot men are my laddies,

Light hair and dark hair, too;

Sturdy, strong and broad-shouldered,

Brown eyes and eyes of blue.

But Sunny-boy's gone for a soldier,

And Billy-boy works all day

Tilling the western cornfields,

For his countrymen here and away.

Both of them work for their country,
Each with his heart and head;
One of them for its honor,
And one for its daily bread.

And now I'm waiting and watching
Till Fate brings them back to me;
Billy-boy, light-haired and blue-eyed,
And Sunny-boy dark as can be.

THE PLAYER

His fingers touched the strips of black and white,
And whispering sounds came forth and filled the room;
Soft murmurs of the wind among the grass,
And the sweet gurgle of a baby stream
Starting amid the roots of wild bloom
That turned aside their heads to let it pass.
The little brook grew stronger, and it sang
Of silver sands, and rugged rocks, and coves,
And mossy banks, and fern fronds leaning o'er;
And birds and all things wild that came to drink
And bathe them in the quiet shallow pools;
Then o'er a rocky precipice it sudden fell,
With mighty crash, upon the rocks below,
With foam and hissing mingled with the wind
That steadily had harder blown,—all ceased—
And we, who listened, woke and breathed again.

BLUE PIGEON

Blue pigeon, I've watched you
With a stick or a straw—
Coming—going—
While she—the mate of your choice—
Sat stilly at home;
Or fashioned the sticks and the straws,
In her pigeon-proved manner,
Building a home for your babes—
Tiny, ugly, featherless babes of the future—
The to-be-joy of your hearts.

Blue pigeon, I, too, have a mate,
For whom I would build;
But why should we fashion a nest
When there can be no young?
For I am old—I am barren—
The fruitful days are all over,
And the little unborn ones of ours
Must wait till renewed, remade,
I am incarnate once more.
Once more with the mate of my heart
I shall meet and we shall be one.
And the babes that are ours, of right,
The fruit of our love and our spirits,
Shall be born of our love
And our bodies.

Blue pigeon, waiting—waiting—
I'm waiting, too!
Oh the glad waiting-time!

We fill every minute full—
Silent sermons you're preaching.
'Tho no sound but your croon,
Yet you teach love,
Contentment and hope.

And I sing the songs of my heart.
Songs of sadness or joy,
But always of love,
And always, always of hope!
And contentment?
No—not of contentment.
For we, who are merely human,
Must grow—and contentment
Tends not to growth.

And I think, and I whisper to you,
Low-crooning blue pigeon;
That my songs, my brain children are,
And their father, my mate!
For my mind impregnated is
By the seed of his—ever—
And forth come the songs!
As the rose by the bee pollenized,
Bursts forth into bloom,
And shares with the world
Its perfume and texture and color.

Blue pigeon, sister of me,
Hovering happily—brooding—
I'm brooding, too.
New songs are forming within me,

Each day they are born.
To sing to the human heart
Of love, wherever it be,
And joy and hope ever—
But not of contentment.

SOME DAY

Some day the roses will not droop or die—
Some day we shall be perfect, you and I;
When clouds have passed that now bedim our sight,
And give to wrong the tints and tones of right;
And nothing shall confuse nor aught betray—
Some day.

Some day we shall look back upon the past—
Upon the fight and fray and stormy blast;
And we shall see, as bright cords intertwined,
The joy and comfort and the peace of mind;
All will be clear when we look back this way—
Some day.

And we shall say, "All things that were, were best,
And everything was at the Lord's behest;"
Then I will be content and not repine,
Because this gift of sight is not yet mine;
For I shall understand each shade, each ray—
Some day.

THE RIVER OF DREAMS

Drifting a-down the River of Dreams
Gently, stilly and slow—
Steering straight by the wayward beams
(Wondrous gleam and glow)
Of a silver moon that is wrapped in mist
(Lovingly wrapped and softly kist)
By a mystic fog from the wide sea reaches,
Deep, deep water and weed-strewn beaches;
Soft grey mist, like a silken veil,
Odorous and alluring;
Filled with the tang of sea and sail—
Vastness and mooring;
Telling the tale of the restless waves,
Of far-off shores and deep sea caves,
To the bride-like bloom of the Orange Tree
And the Bird of the Golden Melody.
And the touch of the mist to the Orange Flower
Is the lover's caress in the bridal hour;
And she gleams more white
In the dusky night
And the smell of the sea
Is drowned in the scent of the Orange Tree.

Drifting, drifting, a-down the River of Dreams,
Idly upon the tide—
Watching the trail of a bright star's beams
(A gown for a bride!)
Hope at the rudder and Love at the bow,
Back slips the old world and onward we go,

On through the mystical mists from the sea
To a wonderful place in the Land of Maybe.
And the gold-throated Mocker is filling the night
With paens and anthems and salvos of light;
For the grey mist has brought her his songs of the deep,
To give to the world and forever to keep.

Drifting, drifting, a-down the River of Dreams
I hear the breakers roar!
Through the silvery mists and bright star gleams—
Waves on a rocky shore!
Oh Love! have we passed through the dusky night?
Shall we see the day-star dawn?
Have we left the soft grey mist behind
For the place where the mist was born?
Have we left the wonderful River of Dreams
For the still more wonderful sea?
Have we left the scent of the Orange Blooms—
The crown of the Orange Tree?
Gone are the mist and the Golden Song
And the mystical dusky night—
Will Love and Hope still guide us on
To the Land of Heart's Delight?

ONE DAY

Come Freckle-face, Towhead,
I'm in need of a chum
For one long summer day.
Come, be a sport!
Don't look at my hair where it's grey,
Look into my heart instead.
What if I am a woman.
And twice or thrice
Even four times your years?
My heart is the heart of a boy—
Careless, reckless and happy!
All shot through and through
With a deep mother-love
For all boys.

Two boys there are—
Sons of my body and soul—
Now grown to manhood,
Straight, noble manhood!
But the one who thought as I thought,
Who breathed in time with my breath,
No more has part in our sunshine.
In France—sunny and flowery France—
With many brave comrades—
He gave up this part we call mortal,
("For the good of the world," his slogan)
Leaving me lonely—so lonely.

Come Towhead, Freckle-face!
Come with me down to the sea,

For one long, long summer day.
I will give you the sea for a plaything;
Strip yourself—go in and wrestle
At will with the breakers;
Till tired with the sport
You lie down on the sand;
Then I will cover you
Warm and secure
With the sand and the seaweed.
And while you lie resting
I'll tell you a story
Of two boys I knew best,
And of how they flourished and grew
To strong manhood,
And crossed the wide sea
To fight for their country—
To fight "for the good of the world";
And of how, when the fighting was done,
One came back.

Come, Boy, you have rested enough;
There's the merry-go-round,
And the loop-the-loop wonder,
And all the weird fixtures
Contrived to garner in nickels
And delight the small boy.
Yes, of course, I'll go with you,
Did I not tell you my heart
Was the heart of a boy?
But give me your hand—tight, so,
And don't be surprised if I scream,
I'm not *all* boy—although

I can laugh afterwards.
Whew! that's dandy!
Let's try another? All right,
Here we go! (Oh, Boy,
Snub-nosed, freckle-faced,
You never can know
How much good you are doing this day!)
Peanuts and pink lemonade,
Ice cream and popcorn,—
Great! great to be young,
And a boy!
But see! the sun has gone down,
And soon 'twill be dark—
Come, Boy, we must go!
Boy, my comrade and chum,
Our day is over.

TO YOU THAT HE LOVED

Sands and water and wind and wave,
And boats upon the billow—
The little boy has gone to sleep
Whose head I used to pillow.

Foamy breakers and fleecy clouds,
And pebbly beach, low-lying;
And winds of evening, crooning low,
Is it for him you're sighing?

He grew and grew, so straight and tall,
So true and so clear-sighted;
Then sailed away o'er the sea he loved—
His troth to Honor plighted.

Oh, breaking waves, that hail from far,
Changeless, yet changing ever,
He loved you much, I love you still,
But he returneth never.

Not mine his head to pillow now,
Tho' sweetly he be sleeping;
The scarlet poppies wave above,
And, Oh! my heart's a-weeping.

WHAT BEING SICK MEANS—SOMETIMES

Sometimes, being sick
Means going to Prudy's.
Arriving with wobbly steps
And being guided into the front bedroom.
And being undressed
Like a helpless child,
And put into a comfortable bed
And surrounded by hot water bottles—
Especially where the pains are the worst.
It means being rubbed
From top to toe
With sweet-smelling oil,
Till the grateful muscles
Relax
And forget to ache.
It means cool drinks
Or hot drinks—
Just the one most wanted.
And it means baths
And rubs with fragrant alcohol,
That leaves one refreshed
And brand new.
And it means
A Japanese tray
Appearing regularly
Holding dainty meals
In delightful blue and white dishes;
So dainty, so delightful,
So Japanesey
That one eats everything in sight

Whether they need it or not.
It means long days
Lying on a screen porch
Looking up at the walnut trees,
Against the blue, blue sky,
And seeing, now and again,
A buzzard in the distance,
And wondering if it's a bird
Or an aeroplane.
And now and again
Seeing a careless butterfly
Or hearing a happy song-bird.
It means watching an Emperor moth
Get drunk on the heliotrope—
Coming back to it
Again and again
All one sunny afternoon.
It means long, still nights
When the soft darkness
Wraps one round
And brings the healing sleep.
It means getting well
Little by little,
And day by day,
Moving from bed to couch
And from couch to chair,
Always followed by Prudy
With pillows and covers,
Handkerchief and smelling salts,
Glass of water, writing pad and pencil.
Always! the loving care
Of Prudy!

Through the long, bright days
And the still, dark nights—
Always she is close at hand!
Always busy with something
To relieve, nourish,
Or make more comfortable.
God bless Prudy!

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, LITTLE GIRL

Take care of yourself, little girl—
Keep your heart and your mind and your soul
As sweet and wholesome and full of sun
As the bluebird's note or the brooks that run
In sparkling cascades or stilly shoal—
Take care of yourself, little girl.

A HAPPY THOUGHT

Someone had a happy thought—
Put it in a book;
One grey day I found it there—
Took it out to look.

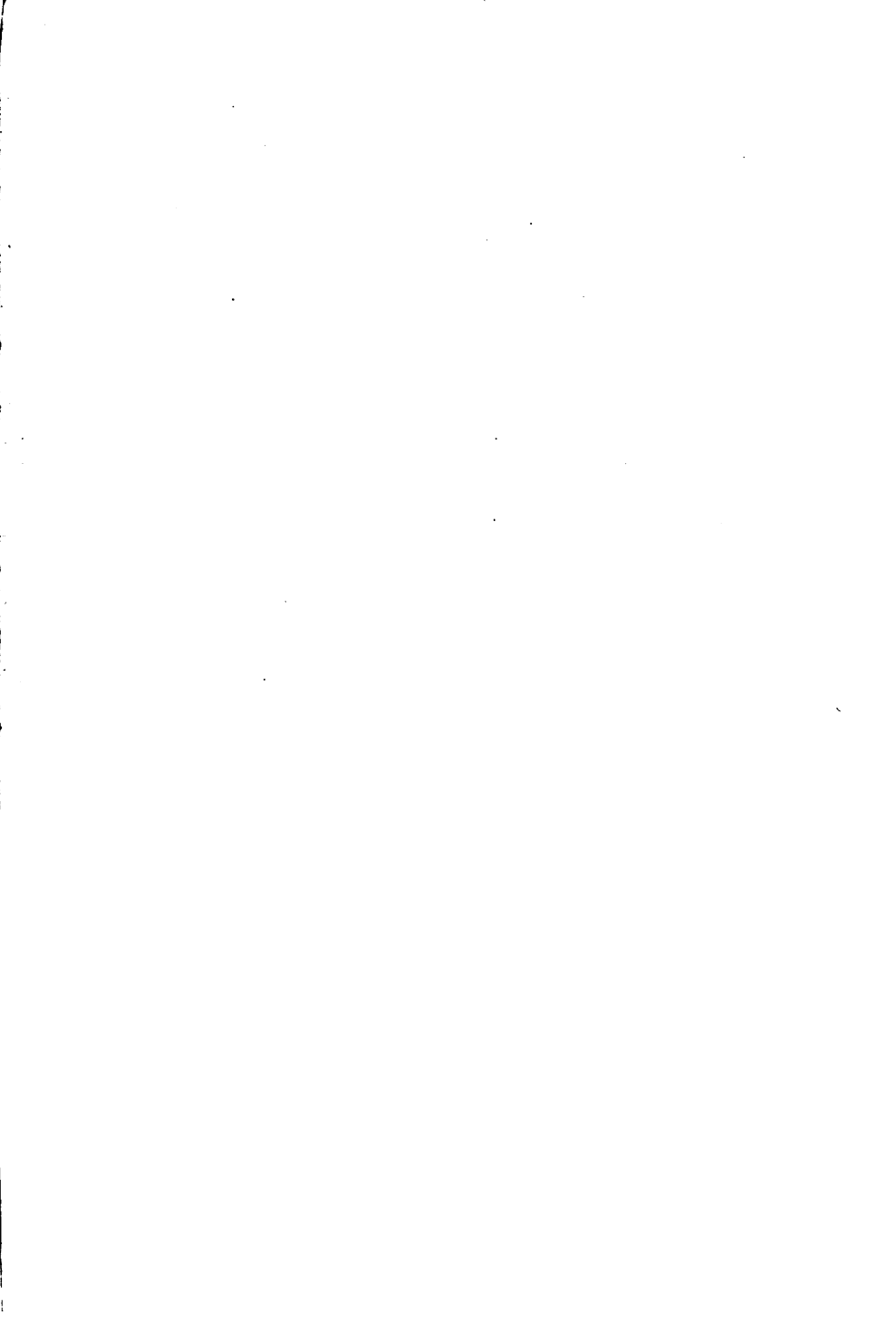
Looked it over carefully—
Rang it—it was true;
Made it go to work for me—
Proved it through and through.

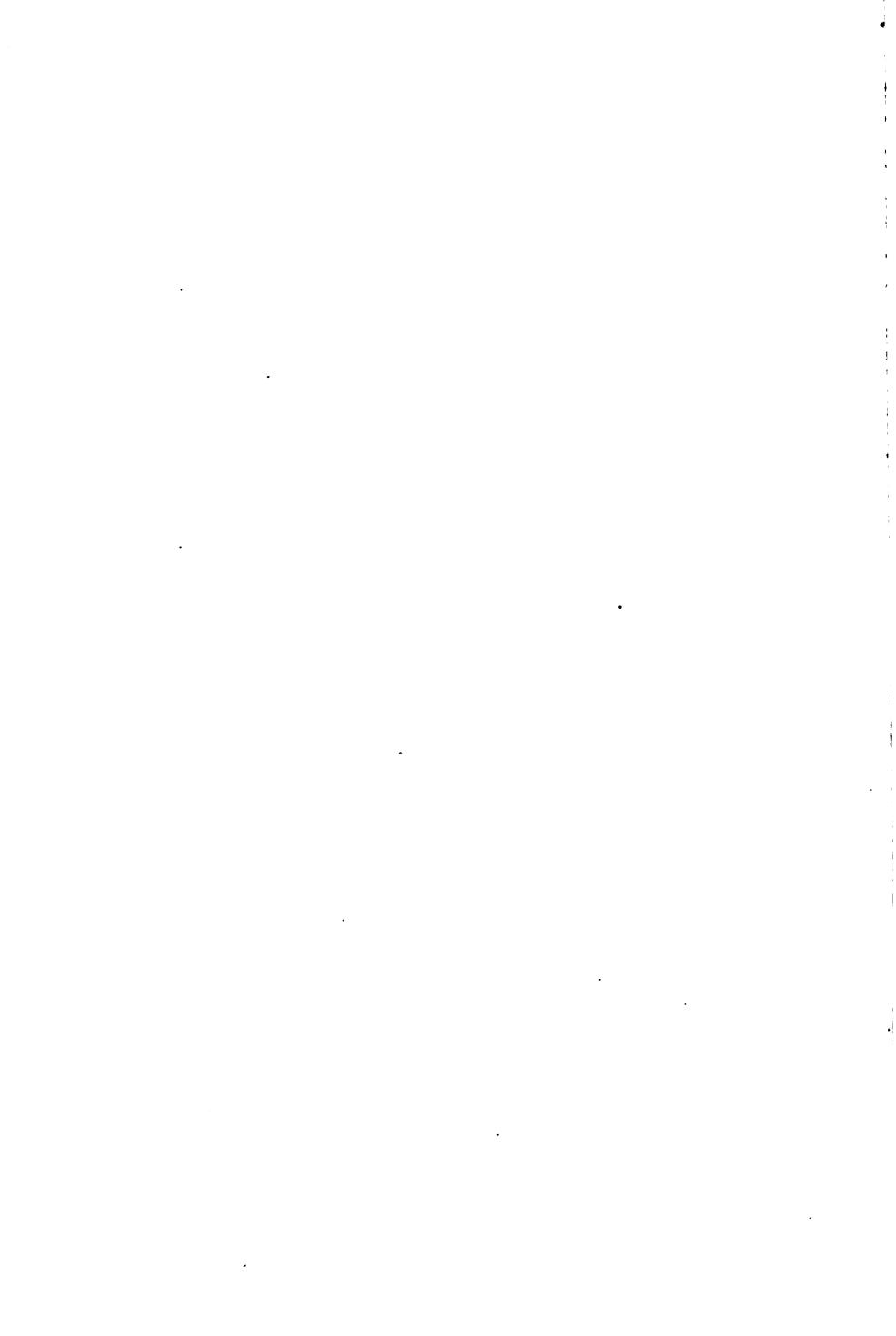
Someone's bright and happy thought
Was a fertile seed,
Planted in a loving heart
'Gainst a future need.

In my heart it multiplied
To a hundredfold;
Many happy thoughts it bore,
More than can be told.

And I pass them on in turn
Through my happy rhyme;
Take them, Friend, and plant them deep,
They will grow betime.

On a grey day suddenly,
When the shadows loom,
You will find the seed you sowed,
Radiant with bloom.







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